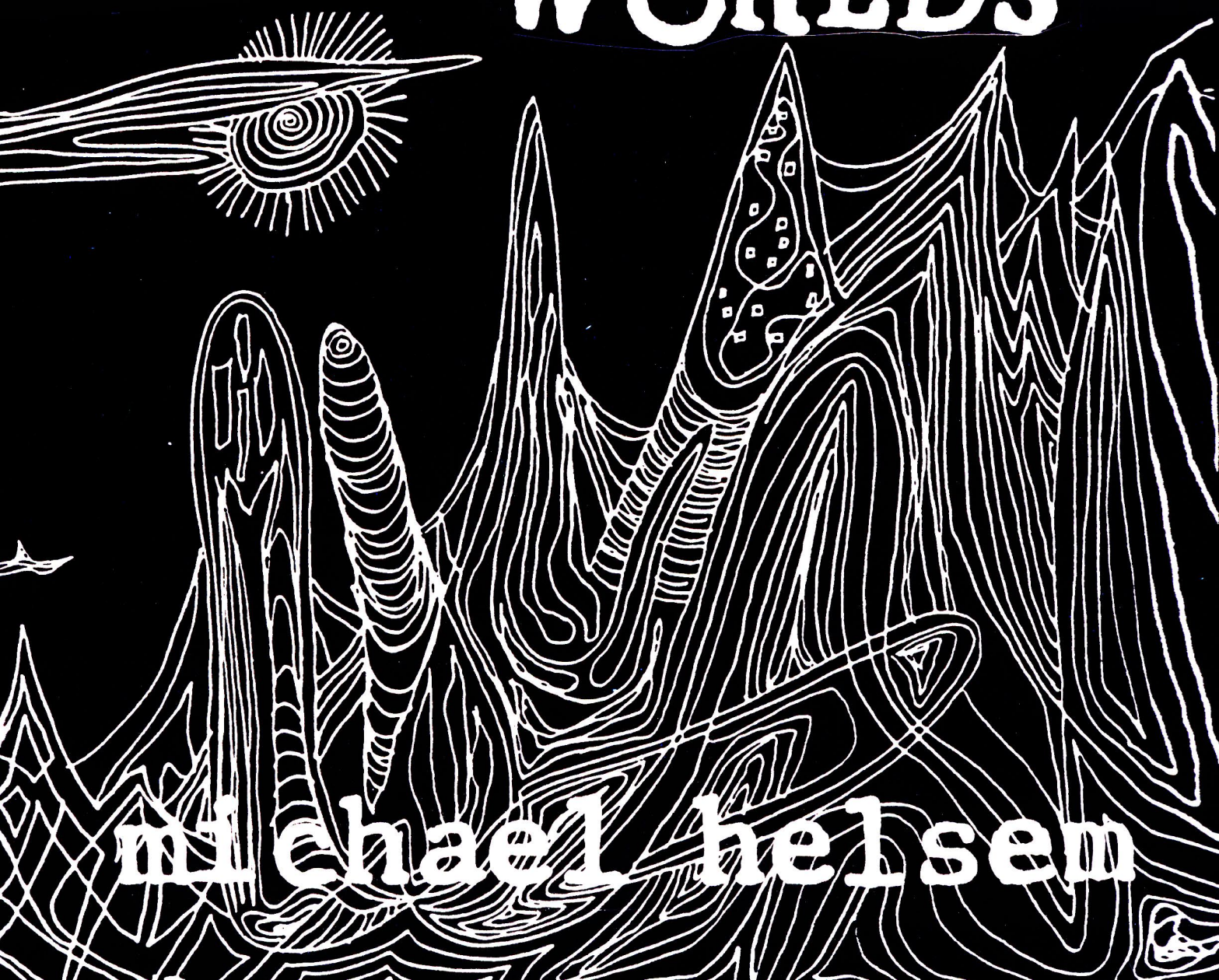
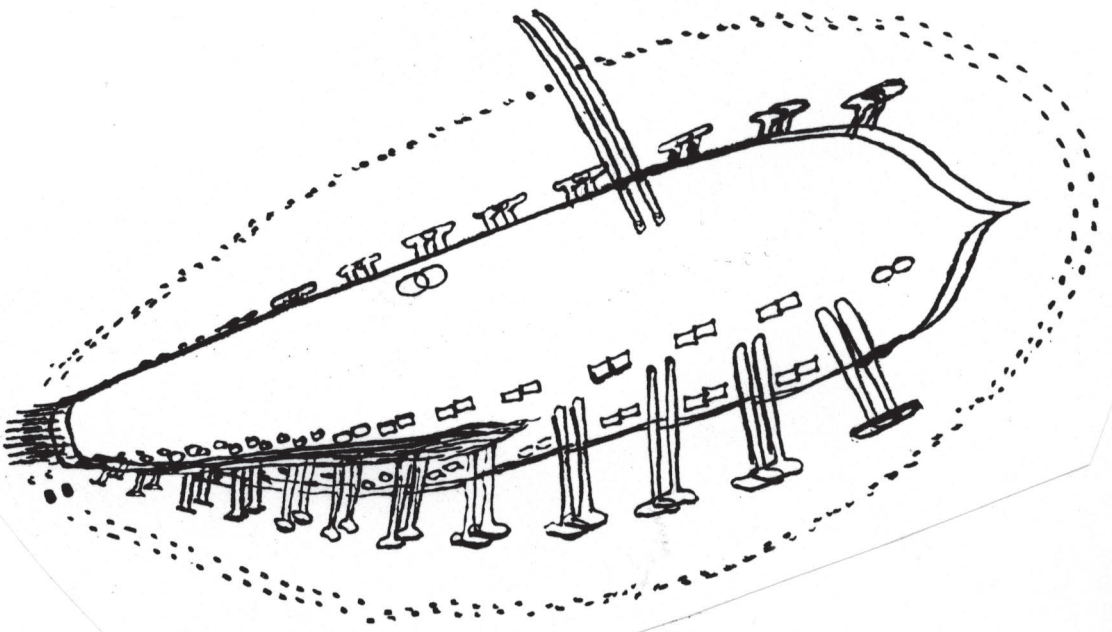
MYSTERIES FROM FORGOTTEN WORLDS



michael helsem

mysteries from forgotten worlds



To speak of solitude again, it becomes always clearer that this is at bottom not something that one can take or leave. We are solitary. We may delude ourselves and act as though this were not so. That is all. But how much better it is to realize that we are so, yes, even to begin by assuming it. We shall indeed turn dizzy then; for all points upon which our eye has been accustomed to rest are taken from us, there is nothing any more and everything far is infinitely far. A person removed from his own room, almost without preparation and transition, and set upon the height of a great mountain range, would feel something of the sort: an unparalleled insecurity, an abandonment to something inexpressible would almost annihilate him. He would think himself falling or hurled out into space, or exploded into a thousand pieces: what a monstrous lie his brain would have to invent to catch up with and explain the state of his senses!

Rilke
tr. J.J.L.Mood

MYSTERIES from FORGOTTEN worlds

a Slightly Metaphysical Pan-Cosmic Odyssey

with Numerous Illustrations in B&W

by Michael Helsem

author of "Carnivorous Equations 2," &c.

! the Monster-Novel of a Myriad Leaves
now CONDENSED to Human Scale
by our Team of Trained Specialists

FOR YOUR DELECTATION & IMPROVEMENT

THIS
first publication any form-soever
A

XEROX SUTRA edition

West Limn Wisconsin SPRING 1984

This book was first published in 1984 by Xerox Sutra Editions.
3rd edition digitized July 2008.

ISBN 1-43826-64-05
EAN-13 978-1-43826640-4

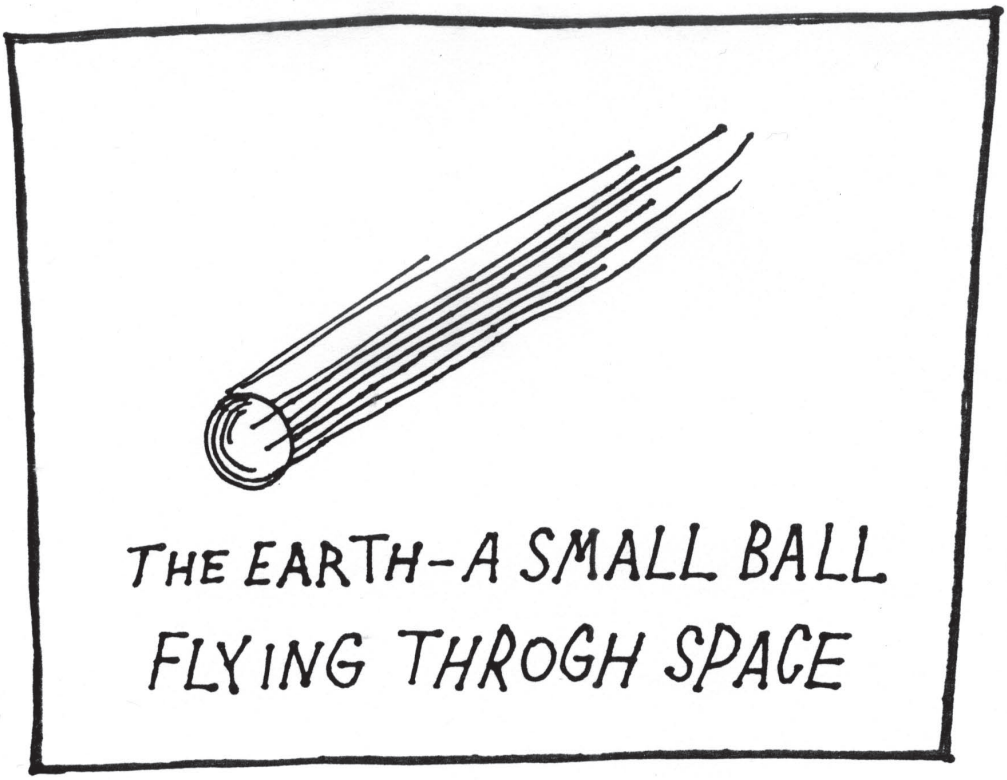
copyleft ©1984, 2008
Michael Helsem

published by
Xexoxial Editions
10375 County Highway Alphabet
La Farge, WI 54639

www.xexoxial.org

perspicacity@xexoxial.org

—DEDICATED...
...to the
Survivors—
Per l'argine sinistro volta dienno;
ma prima avea ciascun la lingua stretta
coi denti, verso lor duca, per cenno;
ed elli avea del cul fatto trombetta.
—Inferno XXI, 136.



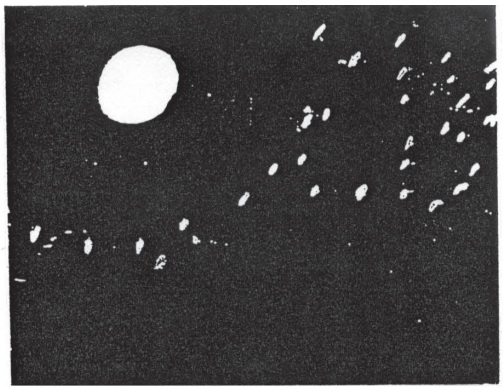
chapter I

the quality of twilight

Preamble on the Moone

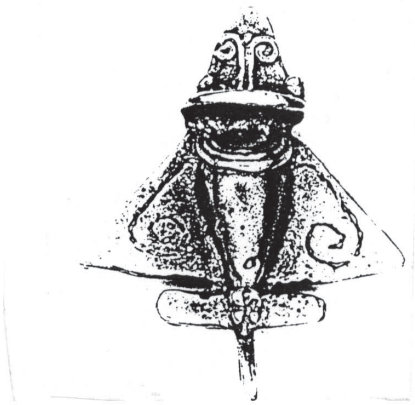
Time is one vast amnesiatic

plain, visited by mirages & fragrant dreams, &c. Parts claim absurd autonomy. Take this imposter, Man, watch him strut beneath the leering pumpkin of a gutted Earth, mouthing various unlikely syllables, which are preserved more or less verbatim by a few of the million devices trained on his person, some of which support him physically in the absence of an appropriate ecosphere, and others mentally by their beneficient vibrations. That's me, friend. This record I intend for Posterity, if any, & I doubt it, since everyone has left... Nevertheless, I've heard of other intelligences, alien to ours, but with equal complexity if not identical format, & it seems obvious to me that they will eventually land here & want to know what happened. /Scratch that. To Hell with Posterity. What did they ever do for me? To begin again. O.K. This is a tragedy. Though no one dies. For how can a Man who is not himself kill himself?



Product of an alien race

Morning: cool, vapor wisps lingering low. There, faint, undoubtedly miles away yet, he thought he heard. He might have imagined it, except he knew he didn't. At first in the Mountains a glow. Gradually shapes define but indeterminate. A glint of steel/ a spark of blue. On the summit they seem statues. Nothing. The vibrations of which, he could feel all the way where. A boiling mudpool heaves disgorges a writhing mass /Winter vapors encroached on his private domain. This he could understand; this was real to him. After all created it. What now, he asked genuine puzzlement. Then Earth was engulfed by the raging supernova that used to be. It vaporized instantly, atoms scattering in the nascent nebula. Vacuum ec-



hoed soundlessly with muted thunder. But nobody witness. Oily green smoke boiled forth, curling & fading. Flames climbed the night. A sudden breeze snuffed them. Near the frontier, a dwarf world rolled about a dwarf star. Neither had ever been named. Was a gray, waveless sea. One pale glimmer on its shore revealed the presence of life. Four personages were discussing things of galaxy shaking import, within. Nevertheless galaxy remained still, without the slightest indication that it would very soon be radically revamped. The planet turned taking longer each daybreak. Its ocean lay in the deeper indentatio-

The Moon may be the Earth's daughter..

ns of a uniformly eroded ice crust. The blue-skinned Vegan spoke first. The ghost chromium sometimes reflected back parodies of angry light. These are recorded. But the subtle things persist. A cloud then whuffed over, negligently. Darting moths singe their wings & have offspring with tattered tips; two rain drops landed same spot simultaneously; in 504 A.D. Yet important things can not be traced. Later on, time passed fitfully, but no living thing dwells beneath its oily surface. Without any apparent cause, nothing happened. The wind shuddered; this we can be sure of. Markings visible only in ultraviolet. One day be civilisations again on Earth. Our snarled rumors of cities will coalesce, spontaneously, on former sites; we sing the old refrain, we will regain the lost wisdom that enables us to find & know mysteries from forgotten worlds. His mind was blank. The molecules pressed with savage force. The globe was

WHAT DARK BUBBLES

turned off in the shell-cavern; we could not feel a thing. There was a hiccough in the void. Matter was becoming quite dense in there. There was a dazzlingly brilliant clear white flare a second & I saw a shadow dart toward the door. Then it went out. The ledge was 3 inches. Suddenly there was a hiss & the ceiling blew away. An hour we had unburied & trying to find a way out. The valley looked like a hurricane had swept it, tumbling tents & uprooting small trees all sides. It did not start raining. I grimaced when I saw the brittle speculae dance, & spat into the dark & forbidding waters. The monster big, from we could see.

Saturn would Float on Water.

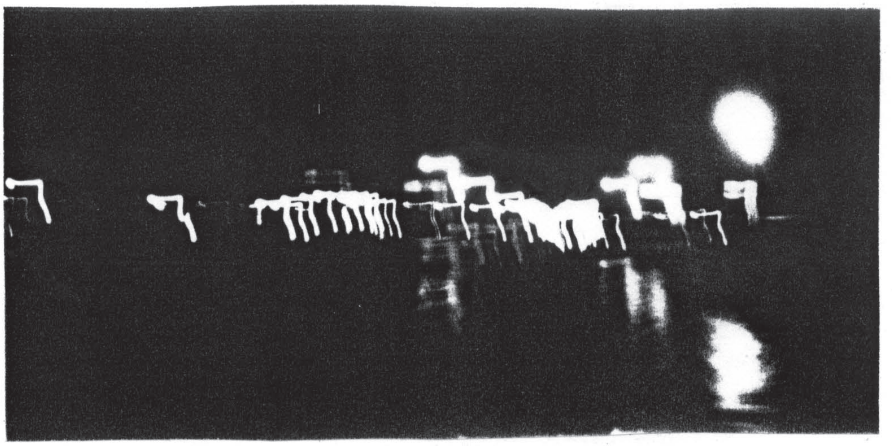
Bougainvillaea in the rain

The green moon of October had once more reappeared again. It frightened us, with its dire implications & somewhat intransigent geometry. The earthlings fled underground, left their homes unlocked the stereo blaring. We began our voyage immediately. CAPTAIN'S LOG star date 77Y77Y804: The green moon October dominated the whole sky like a malignant growth... Pulsing inner lights/ erupting fireflies to excavate the abaxial gulf. As they rain down; snow-casual, leaf-dry, & pavement-cold, we enter the ululant abyss. All possessions, pre-uvular urges, dress shoes with round toes & liability insurances are rinsed like grass clinging to a plastic back yard swimming pool in the senescence of the weight-ridden day. Scrwooshooshoosh- glrglrxdp! Smoke cleared, revealing a menacing arrray of rabits overhead. Things were as they had always been athwart the

polar wastes of planet Betelgeuse. A silver peacock hovered, elided from a window display. Paper bats soared in the pustulent, grape-like sky. Pink patches of fuzz grew between scaly, ragged wings. They no eyes. The manhole cover clanged as it fell. From under street came a hideous glurgling harrumption. The dwarf scuttled away all fours, shrieking mechanically. Some reason I am strangely drawn, lured, impaled on the city gates where stray mongrels tugged at my feet night long. Poster face stared down at me malevently, as about to shout aloud. The flesh under liquefying. Now all the cameras would be trained on him, along with the automatic rifles. In another quadrant of space... The serpent king PSSST was gnawing on a rodent vertebra. Next door Molly barked. Meanwhile the T. V. blared. Smoke thronged the passage way as the invisible were wolf pawed walls madly. I was trapped! Chandelier swayed sickeningly. Sounded like a bulldozer coming down

the hall. It could only be/ Godzilla! The monster reared back & prepared to grind him under foot. Slowly the great reptile toppled backwards. Many openly wept as the secret inhabitants of October emerged into light for the first over two thousand years. The hush sank like a turnip off the Kaiser's wheel barrow. Now's your chance! the apparition whispered. His left tentacle proffered the smoking relic, still warm from its lengthy sojourn nethermost regions. But sapphires! the Captain exclaimed. Through thick crystal port holes the glare of a turquoise sun smote the crew's eyes. The room inside alive with crazy reflections. Captain Yes leaned across the star charts a brooding expression on his sun-washed features. The robots clicked & buzzed around him, & the blue star roared. Maybe even Vanadium. Did Godzilla die after the assassination attempt or is he being kept as a vege-

A River flows through Starland.



'Flying Saucer' Inquiry Ends Amid Controversy

table existence a private hospital somewhere in the Black Hills of Dakota ? His admirable firmness with inferior peoples, instance, was admired by forward-thinking persons the world over So! snarled the serpent king. No answer was.

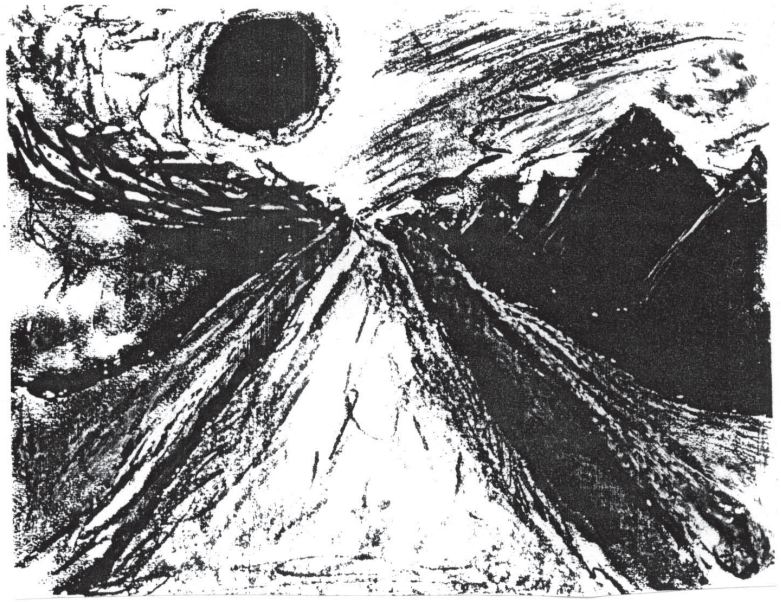
The neuron bomb

Some of us were sure, but I felt somewhat, unsure the situation. Work of the Prune-men of Alcaxy? asked Spock. No telling how long they might've been working undercover, sabotaging the normal orderly progress of civilization towards eventual unity, & of course eliminating anyone who tried to interfere in their nefarious enterprise. I wandered through the silent streets se-

arching for the Spastic Cowboy. The rust-scabbed towers hulked like obstinate blunders in full sunlight. A machine gun chattered very close by. This call arose of protective mimicry late the last glacial epoch. The dust-caked street urchins were jabbing each other viciously with quills. From a 2nd story window the Duchess of Mars fished for road varmints using a couple volumes the Encyclopedia Banannica for bait. They watched as the Sun arced toward the horizon. Hymns kept dying off & starting up again, like waves on an oil rig. Families multiplied & died, swapped spouses & recipes, cracked jokes & copulated in shadow of the Cyclops. Cyclops took up a whole city block in

the Western Territories. Its beaming eye-ball rested at the very apex of the pyramid which was both its body, &

the only visible portion of the great Rocky Mts. computer complex. The eye spun around every 15 seconds. King Kong scaled the side & grappled briefly with the Cyclops eye before flung off. (Later he was seen limping across the plains, while the wind brought rich rank fragrances from the foothills.) There was a dumbfounding roar. Hot gases rush out of the broken ball. Their wake trails sparks against the night, sighing like sad pidgeons. Green blood puddled beside the fireplace. Microseconds before the fateful blast he had teleported. Dense smoke continued to pour the crater long after shaking ceased. The revolving light was again sPinning its web over the constellations, an endless strand dissolved



LABYRINTH YOU REMEMBER LAST

soon as laid. Could you write television commercial?

Your problem is obvious

How can recombinate L.S.D. be used to correct genetic defects? Wednesday, March 1st. 5/25 P.M. I have ingested the noxious compound, the perilous ingenuity of several obsessed reeking brains, progeny of processes forbidden or forgotten long ago. Its passage into purity hardly prefigured, its translation into binary bits barely begun, I calmly observe the effects of my demise. Stars have died but I survived, too long, too long. I think it is still Wednesday, but of what year or epoch I cannot ascertain. The ages passed like burning diarrheic torrents. But nothing lasted the night's absolution & erasure. He drifted blind, against the stars silhouette of doubtful consistency. Outside, wind left glowing streamers entangled in

the telephone lines. Large birds w-
ith crooked necks tugged at them g-
rimly. The statues marched single-
file to horizon; identical. Finally,
when the nut-brown worms had fini-
shed their dance, the tree spoke.
It is total infiltration I seek. A-
fter his training, Captain Yes his
home world never to return, on a ce-
rtain Wednesday so long ago nothing
else that happened on that day any-
where in the universe is recorded.
He drifted blind, unwilling to parl-
ey with the teeming life around. F-
or several aeons conditions been
hostile for the spontaneous beginni-
ng of creation. There would be war-
ning. The spaceship landed in the
cold leaden dawn. Spectral flowers
caught the glow, transmitted it in
shades of amber & purple. The line
of black-robed exorcists marched
ankledeep orange fumes released by
the crushing crystals. It tapered
to a needle both ends. They retrac-
ted heads in rank dismay. The knife
fell. Consider thəm transmigrated, I
said. We'll tell that to the Warren

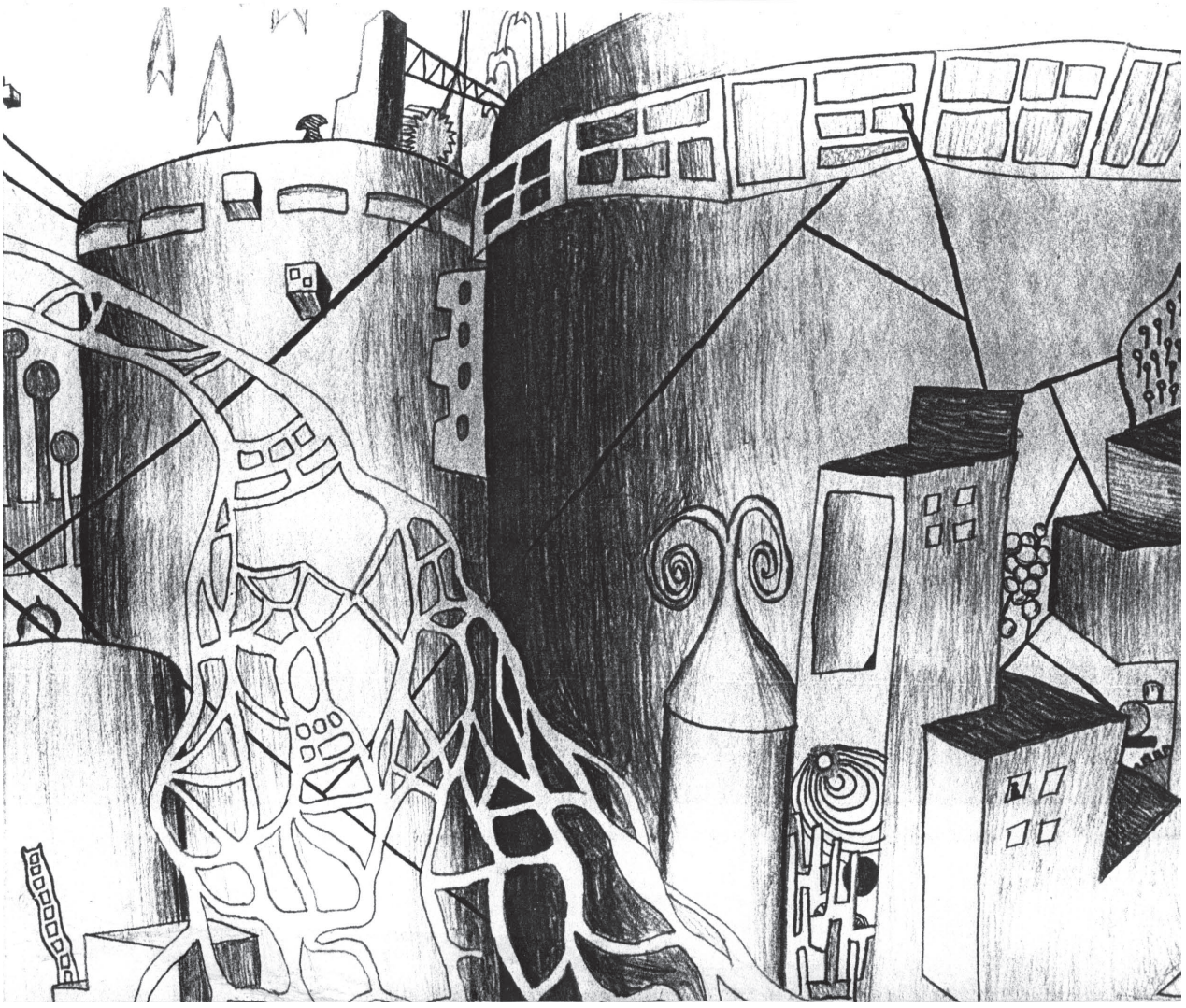
Commission. We departed in a shower of silver bubbles. I lie sometimes but not all the time.

5,000 years of the world's greatest civilizations

Making certain of its color

Through the velvet lining of space we sped while ice-hard eyes watched from their stations on high. These clever Earthmen, who have overrun the Galaxy like so many famished grasshoppers in a mere million yarons. Ersatz had stopped; now he scowled. As yet we have unable penetrate the American Dream any point. Their will to be deceived is so strong it overpowers all our spies as well. He crumbled a sonic rose mewled in his fist. A horn bawled hauntingly the wind. In Gasenemy all choices forced, she replied. Then let's leave this place. & screaming like the billions hapless Passenger Pidgeons as they died flames over London, the ships were launched by

greenwood catapults into intergalactic space. The Prune Men of Alcaxy zeroed in on their target, surrounding it in Time by stationing troops in the future & the past so no escape. Then they enclosed the entire state in a plexiglass sphere. Scibbling softly, the space armada faded into Jigsaw Space. The Balkanization of Time was complete.



Michael Helsom

chapter 2 roc of our fathers

Faintly flickering insomnia

The autumnal hurricanes were waning with the advent of the sun, dispersing harmlessly leaving piles pulverized cities in their w-ake. Scavengers moved among the ru-ins. Gargoyles leapt nimbly ledge to ledge. Huge, long-legged insects w-aded the river, bearing red lights or eyes. South the Guest Star smou-ldered. Soon be here. Snow began. T-

hat in itself not unusual. In the depths of desiccated rainbow war, not a word was spoken. I hear Nature is starting to fight back. Isn't that just the awfullest gory thing you ever heard? The parrot twirled around on its organs. I quelled it with a rubber mallet from the bottom drawer. Some commentators are eager to suggest that the Sun's demolition might be a diabolical plot to disrupt the Economic Community. Not a bubble disturbed the waters. We strode the narrow catwalk in silence. But their landscapes have had poor resolution, & until now no one knew what the Afterlife looked like. There are too many dead ends masquerading doors, too superficial hells ever to allow possibility genuine dam-

Magnificent Bari Exhibition

nation. The machine hummed complacentntly to itself, oblivious of the poor hungry starving wretches just outside its beryllium casing. How little we get to talk these hectic days. Her cheeks quivered when she spoke, as if small animals tearing at them within. Began to rain the tiny room. Time is the illusion that Awareness imposes price of Transc- endence. The dwarf pau- sed admire the smoking r- uins a tank trapped in the voracious maw of a drag- on lily. Have we lived before, & if, when? A e- erie thrumming dwindled into the darkness. I just activated a H-bomb concealed in the lobby. I don't think we'll be interrupted again. All Detroit applauds you, answered Pango.

As the world burns

We retreat to an inner chamber where not even the convulsions of the earth

could hamper diplomatic procedure. What's use of revolution, the State already withering. The Dollar has never been stronger. A deafening silence ensued, interrupted only by pounding on the hull. So you've chosen to reveal yourself at last. The firehose stirred. Did you use the elevator or the stairs, I inquired. Dust whirled in from the coast. We were no longer Earth.

Speculations on the nature of the nonexistent

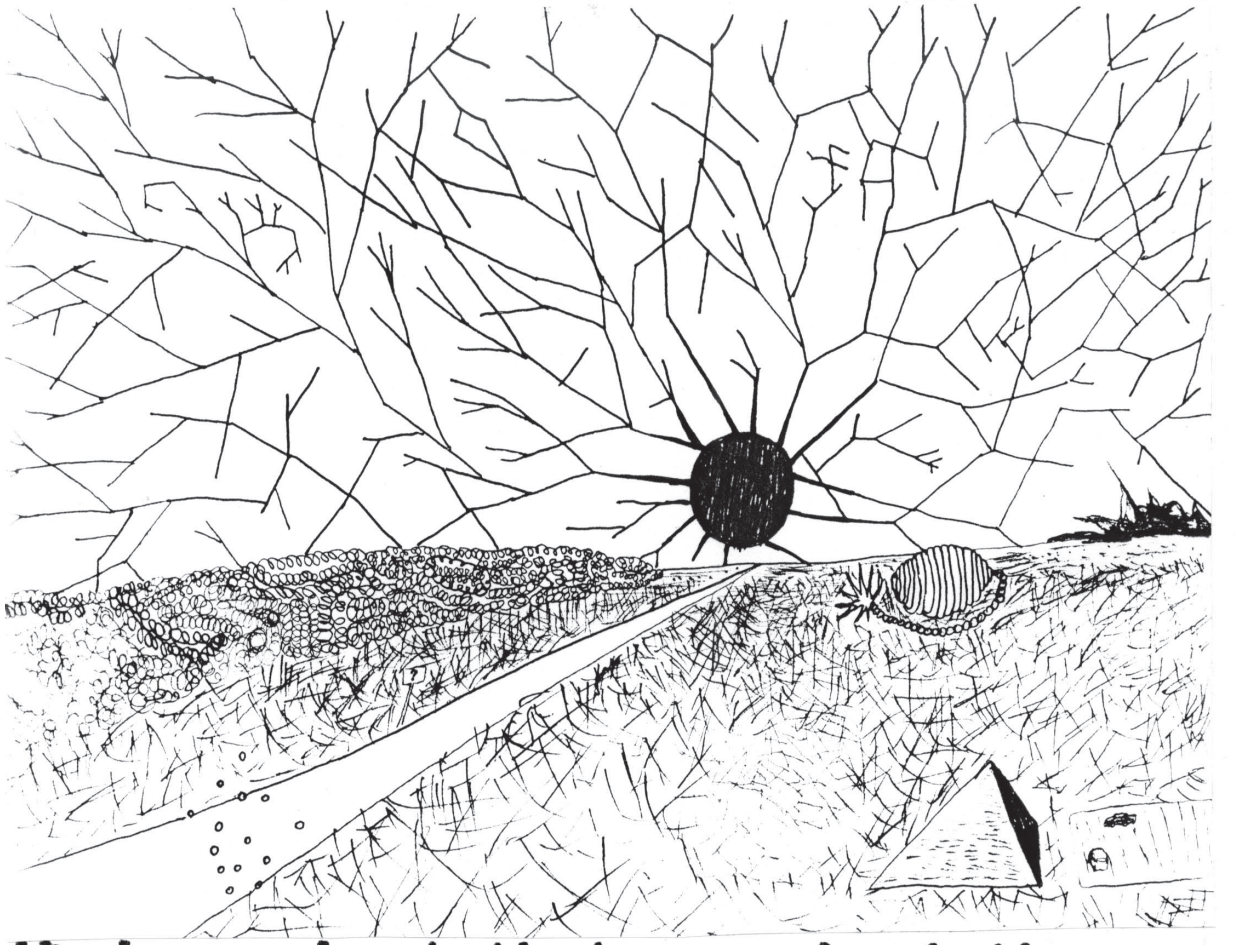
In nearly every civilized person there a craving for Beauty, though the craving is often perverted. We emerged from the black hole in time to witness 3rd dynasty of Egypt topple. This before the terror of the Other Pneumatic Joke. Cats still roamed streets at will no feared them. 12 junior executives were unceremoniously dropped into the Great Red Spot (a pleasant middleclass brick village inhabited by mute badgers who smoked spinach as an anodyne against

the immense boredom of being forever confined, for what reason they had never tried to guess). By special c-onsignment from Earth. All around h-im squirrels panted in their padding, expectant. /I am receiving these wo-rds by mental telepathy from outer space.

Our hope of eliminating the lamprey menace

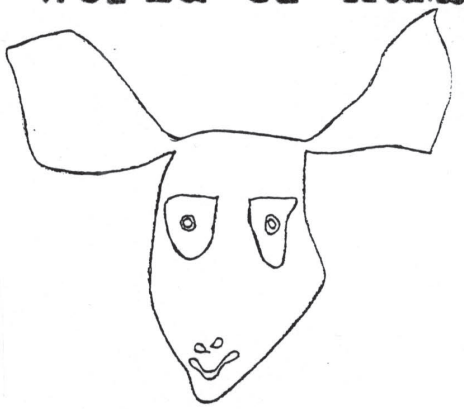
4 blocks from the head quarters I-nternational Caries the air fairly teems evil. No one goes unmasked. THEY are enacting the pageant of the Falling King today, says Humphrey-9. He freezes in the light, a mote sn-ared twixt furniture & eternity. Tha-t must mean something. Marbled carr-ion pidgeons poaching allantois a-gain? Or are they maybe seeking to rid their planet alien intruders? What comes after K? asks Lana-42. Bl-ue sparks swirl over them. This con-stant dust lake hour, dove, is Fall. Automobiles are frequently thrown through windows. In the harbor bubbles ferment. They wrap your eyebeams make

comets out of sight. Is there place the fingers of night can't reach?? Stability is a paradox & impossible.



We know about that, roach, & the time you contemplated the fatal heresy of thinking about thinking free, but that is not what we are here for, scum. Knox felt his whole life pass between his buttocks. The form was almost too familiar. Remember, without criminals the Law could not exist. Consider yourself essential p-

art of the oppression process. Inhibition, or the power to arrest a previous action, is the highest purogative of the Will. Or any other point in time for that matter. It comes & goes. Years passed, & the gum became a shrine... Eventually the Time Barrier has been restored. First of the chronic disruptions will be made. Over & over they must retreat tattered defeat to some stable epoch like the Pre-Cambrian or June 19-74, & start things to a better conclusion. Everything has happened & will happen. All is ready for the massacre of the Ku Klux Kraken. Insects hush at its approach. The Kraken enters the world of humans /that strange, narrow, illuminated space between the greater darknesses beyond. It is as though crossing a sidewalk seam one would



Things are not What they Seem.

& are followed by the formation of proud flesh. The 2 areas called Chain and Spark together comprise the City of Yes & No. They are indistinguishable. Dim tortuous passages permeate every district. Never to see moonlight. Now we stand the verge of similar awakening. Abandoned go-kart race ways buried in tiers of wheels, furtive exorcistics dissolving in sauna. Pale aristocrats peered & oozed amber ichor on the children below. Relics a more barbaric era. Cradled in the basalt mountains of Norepinephrine like a lonely diamond amid its natal coal, lies the citadel where, in immense negative accumulators, the Entropy Guild preserves last vestiges of order against the heat-death of the Universe. Time was gibbous when they began; crescentlike

COULDN'T HELP HEARING LIZ. LET ME DO YOU A FAVOR
THIS LITTLE OLD MAN IS A MURDERER AND CANNIBAL!
LIKE FRIED CHICKEN BUT HATE THE CALORIES?

& are followed by the formation of proud flesh. The 2 areas called Chain and Spark together comprise the City of Yes & No. They are indistinguishable. Dim tortuous passages permeate every district. Never to see moonlight. Now we stand the verge of similar awakening. Abandoned go-kart race ways buried in tiers of wheels, furtive exorcistics dissolving in sauna. Pale aristocrats peered & oozed amber ichor on the children below. Relics a more barbaric era. Cradled in the basalt mountains of Norepinephrine like a lonely diamond amid its natal coal, lies the citadel where, in immense negative accumulators, the Entropy Guild preserves last vestiges of order against the heat-death of the Universe. Time was gibbous when they began; crescentlike

THIS LITTLE OLD MAN IS A MURDERER AND CANNIBAL!
LIKE FRIED CHICKEN BUT HATE THE CALORIES?
COULDN'T HELP HEARING, LIZ. LET ME DO YOU A FAVOR

it moves now towards certain eclipse. Astrologers all agree that the End is near. As if the clouds were belly-button lint in some unimaginable azure alcove. The sistuation is already out of control.

The 2 great generals meet at Appomattox

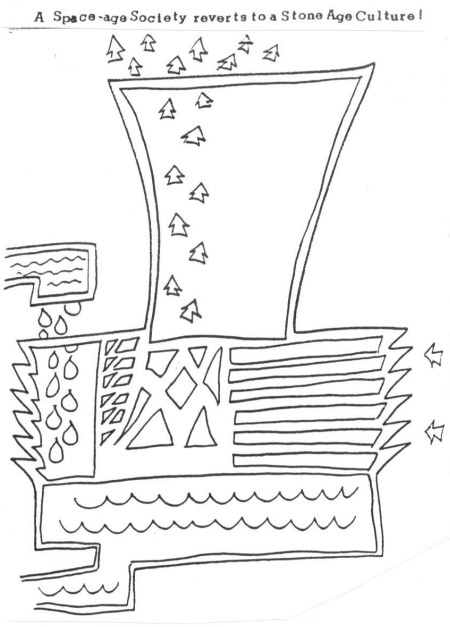
Festival of the Falling King is cel-

Michael Helsom

ebrated total destruction of the implements & fruits of civilization by the people themselves. Disease be nonexistent once current Plagues have run their course. Experts disagree whether we are at the beginning of an upswing or the end of a downturn. The machines loved so much. & now, on another front, the P.M. of Gondwanaland threatened Tuesday to destroy the world by nuclear holocaust unless everyone capitulates his country within 24 hours. The announcement was received derogatory remarks in yesterday's U.N. General Assembly & he is not expected to carry out his threat today because the overwhelmingly unfavorable publicity would cause. As for the sale of spirits, Bouger believes it has decreased in later years.

A commotion in the cathedral announces the arrival of Beelzebub

The White Bishop bleeds quietly. Any updates? Yes glad you asked that Bill. Certainly Bill. We have an up-



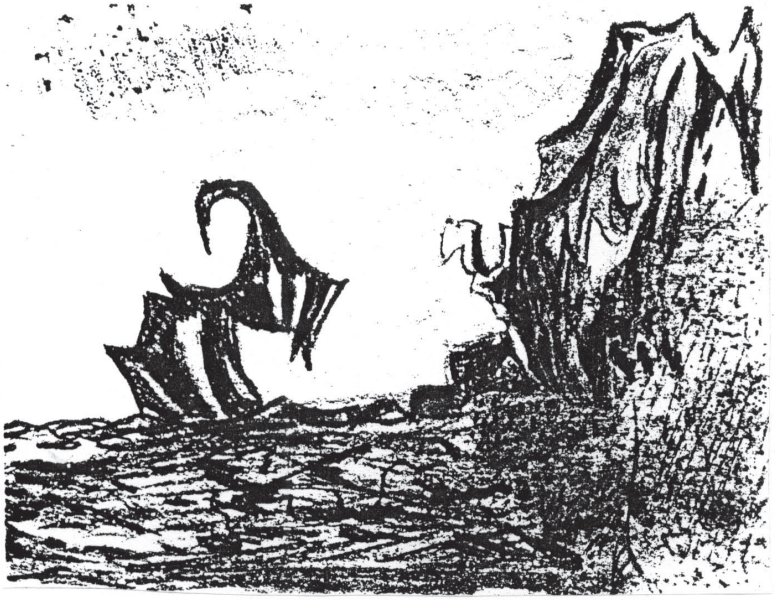
date as of twelve oclock last night. The Prime Minister has pushed the button, repeat, the Prime Minister has pushed the Button, ladies & gentlemen, as of midnight oclock last evening, Eastern Standard Time. That's all it says here Bill. Thank you Bill. The princess waits silently, amused. The score: 0 to 0. In the same building a rabbit was giving birth to transistor radios. Going somewhere at last. No more a place than the one you left, a sudden obscenity moonbeach-scrawled: a place. Only lost, unwary creatures driven out of time & space may find quie-

Michael Helsom

tus here, & they don't rot. He blinked. He blinked. Fred Badbok was fat when he smiled thin when he frowned, & he had the whiteless eyes of a dog. I have never seen the sun in Vietnam, J.C. Chaos is duller than I'd thought. It was very still then. The mountain gone, if it had ever been. The armadillo is actually miniaturized Quark bomb. What will you write about now that Man has landed on the Moon? Unendurable choice. No no no no nonononononnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn. Fe was hinished. The legs fell, first the right one & then the left. & furthermore. Right. Funny what fear do to you. Me, I've always flexible. Drop me an unknown ocean & I'll survive. Strip me mother-naked on an uncharted planet two weeks I'll be King of the World. He scrowled into the night. Land. Nail polish. Candlewax. Signs everywhere. A round little baby boat emerges from the mouth of the tunnel without its passengers. But there appears no real proof that he bade his men fall to.

Colossal desert snail
chrome amethyst trail

It lay in sunlight. Glistening. S-
and crushed as by some awful weight,
a gelid purple substance filled the
rut & rippled. The track crossed the
road at angle, cracking its asphault
like old celluloid film, & in one p-
lace an embedded fox grinned flatly
at the sky. Star/ word/ herb/ gem.
There be millions of them in the air.
The drums began. Dust whirled in fr-
om the coast. Lana come look at the
clouds. I think it's going to do so-
mething. They were brightly streaked
like the skin of a tiger, strung a-
cross the o-
rifice of e-
vening, a w-
eb to snatch
one's wits
away. I see
them, she m-
uttered, but
what're the-
y gonna do,
that's the



The Giraffe circles the Pole.

question of the nonce. To splice apart & release some gnarled god, whose name lingers but in profanity? Let doomday come if it can, I'm tired of watching for the Bomb, sometimes I feel like doing it myself, get it right first time. I fear a fuck-up. It began raining bright nailheads. Were the Flowers wild at one time? All the peat pyres are smouldering in the fungus-lit caverns of the cerebellum. Little kids are getting shapes of their heads altered. Eye-contact sports have caused demise of gardening. I think we're lost. Underneath the fatty layer is nothing, nothing. They moved the City again, I said. Did you see them? Dinosaurs reeling in the mud. There was no pain. Whose law dindles our ossifices? What grue reck? Toupee or no toupee? Bad indigestion. Just because you may be unable to reach shelter does not mean you would completely unprotected.

chapter 5 attack of the Steatopygians

A Popish plot to colonize the moon by transsubstantiation

Night falls like a steaming sledgehammer the city begins to melt. The music turns into crimson snow with sharp-edged flakes big as plates. Vasco de Gizma discovers Africa & there was great rejoicing in Biafra where food relief seemed imminent. Fugitives with antlers wave burning hands at the clouds in vain. The people have all taken Dilaudid & floated away. Only the dim dogs of the dire dance are left, trotting among the dust veils like hairy whirlwinds. The D.D.T.-stoned catfish sing: Have you ever been strong, have you ever felt wild, have you ever wanted to rape a child? Huddled in a circle around the fallen spacecraft, scarabs pray to the God of Lost Causes. FOR PASSENGERS SAFETY FEDERAL LAW PROHIBITS OPERATION OF THIS BUS WHILE ANYONE IS STANDING FORWARD OF THE LINE. Cats' eyes glowing in the lowth. The crowd seemed almost hollow as it savored its memories of an hour previous, one of repetition, of repetition. Familiar prisons. The invasion from the past.

The present time surrenders. The sun halts. They eat & just keep getting fatter. THIS ACTION MUST BE CONSIDE* RED IN THE CONTEXT OF INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION. The printsteps led to a cul-de-sac the same pointless arabesques. Befuddled by the ashes & the noise, they thought we were the ones fleeing the City & they entering. We gave them rice & water; the rice they smeared on their burns. Birds fall every day & no one sees, they asked. Does this mean no birds fall at all? Perhaps if you could crawl across the street see over there? sorry but employees aren't allowed to give change.

Successful terrariums a proven strategy for consistent results

Admiring the strength of madmen is to put oneself in jeopardy. Yet Dr. Fuselage often had to remind himself of this as he neared completion of the Juggernaut. What will you find the sun will be shining when you emerge & birds soon return to the tr-

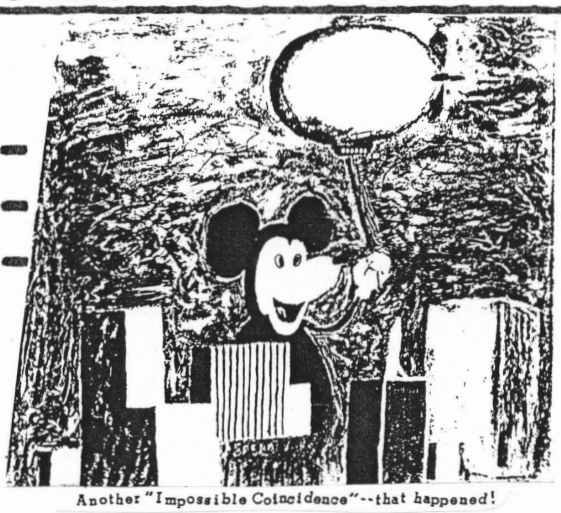
eetops from your shelter? We'll be there. If you have the talent you're going to get there I just need to show them what I can do. After all, what do we have to lose? You don't see the Devil cutting back his program anywhere. Nobody wins in a situation like this & it is the Sophomores who lose the most. Was I wrong to liberate them? We don't have that answer yet but we're working on it. The Future is endless, endless. You--you're talking crazy-- It's too late to save it, he said, so we'll have it on toast.

Full disclosure

They are circulating a petition that denounces the tyrant Blod. Everyone signs it. Who is the tyrant B-

lod? What has he done so terrible? Why is everybody against him? Blank faces look up, like sunflowers, round, silent, impenetrable. The Web of Power manufactures its own Spiders. Damned hard manna it is, too.

The book that never came home from Mars



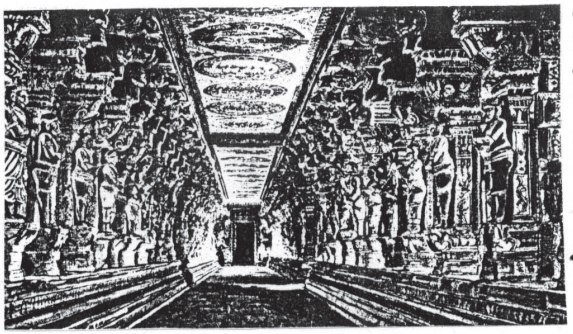
Another "Impossible Coincidence"--that happened!

It was a time of great contrasts, with billions of Poor climbing top each other 2 or 3 deep the entire earth, grabbing at anything they could reach, & gnawing piteously at it until they died, & fell underfoot; the Rich in their cottoncandy castles 8 miles above the ground, spitting gold vomit for recreation. At first I chose to ignore them. Then I had been a mere troll, toy of one of the lesser royal families; one of a set, as a matter f-

act. I Ching was making my life miserable. I blinked rapidly, but it was gone. I can't remember what I was about to say. A group calling itself claimed responsibility. Another imaginary graveyard on the prairie. I'm a soldier in the army of the Ultimate Truck. That was right. We talked by the rigid husk of her baby. It's awful I don't like it. It is difficult to some people to talk about Cotyledons. New aid for the pre-mature: and I was off. A lovely missionary couple, Lana & Humphrey, met us at 2,4-D Airport. I wanted to hide. We strolled among the fruit-trees & flowering crucifixions in deep wonder, while Lana & Humphrey fought with switchblades just inside the rusty gate.

That beautiful music is suicide.

Mark my words, George, this Winter of 1778 is never end. I have heard the Glaciers in my sleeping back. At first I thought it was a simple case of mistaken identity, mind you. Perfectly natural to panic. & immediately I began reconstructing what I could remember of the universe. We never went out again.



The Unicorn pursues the Hunter.

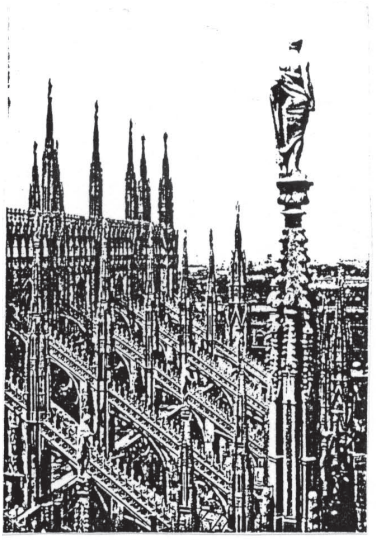
The unknown theorems of Euclid

But this is not about the City nor its many-eyed bloodless rainbow inhabitants who followed the humans that built it. (Neither are the wrinkled Human relics real.) The city of Yes and No includes all cities, real or imaginary, among its architecture, & all beings, real or imaginary, among its citizens. We urge you beware. Only you can make the comparison. Anything you say about the City of Yes & No

is true. This immortal isogamy which has contested the eruption of the dwarf. Then where do we go from here? Ask your doctor. I can't. Well keep trying. The doctors acquire mythical Powers in proportion to their scarcity. The night is long. They persevere. Whatever Question they ask, however ridiculous, you'd better have an answer ready. At the End you turn around & get back into Line. I'm sorry but that's impossible. Perhaps. If all the continents could be levelled off, & the material dumped into the seas, would we have a perfectly smooth globe at the present sea level? By the 40th day people are sick of drowning stories, even humorous ones.

Salvo

Floodplain faces fight/ pair charged in Heist. Nolan is in serious danger of being exposed. Wildcats eliminate bobcats. The first birth/ details at 10. THE SADISTIC CHICKENS

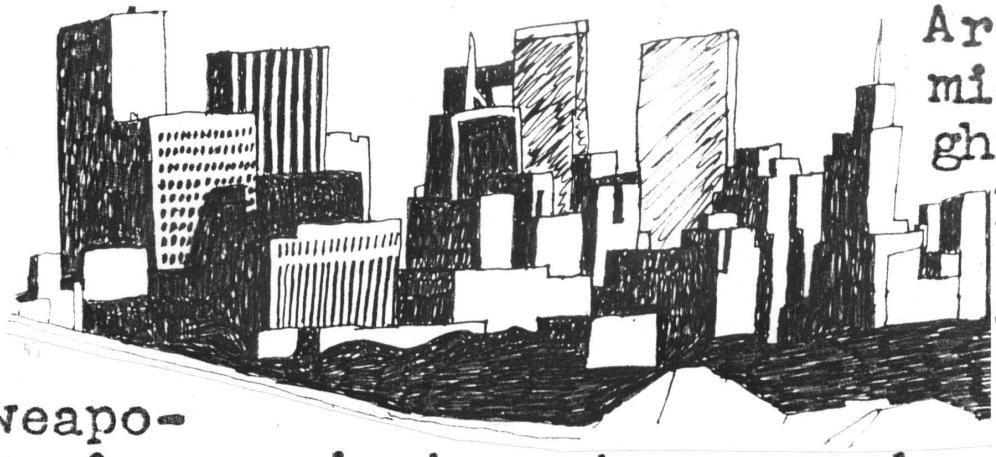


? Do Others ?

IN THE CITY OF DEATH/ Thier huge beaks glowed. Music! Oh say can you see, if they're coming for me? Skyscrapers turn hencoops. Inbetween executions of recalcitrants there are many concerts. Penguins have become the workhorses of the Antarctic. Fungus grows in the eyes of rangers. But the fizz, Moriarty confesses, is pumped in. /And his wonder-dog Shibboleth!!! The cry fell on deaf bears. Nothing happened. The Sound staggered the sober and sobered the stoned. & that sound was becoming more colorful with every passage through my head... .....Defeated by an agony of echolalia. For many days I lay there before I could leave, paralyzed, helpless, broken. No warning was given Capt. Yes, & that evening we lost the planet without a struggle.

The sinking of Atlantist

Michael Helsom



Around midnight the people laid down their weapons & gave in to nature. smoke everywhere traffic-thick. Breaths shallower every time. People fall very slowly. do you member it? do you w-

ant to member it? Sometimes when I get depressed. I suppose, I said, you're here to spirit me off to that bourn from which no Tourist brings back snapshots. A brilliant exaltation fills me. They had sealed me in a time-loop. They had sealed me in a time-loop. They had sealed me in a time-loop, but I was going to escape; after all, I had for ever to do it in. The door is open there is no end to the door. & accidentally the last Book is burned its ashes will be reconstituted by intelligent scarabs who cannot decipher it though they slavishly make endless copies to scrutinize under high magnification. In spray paint: WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION/ WE TOLD YOU IT WAS HERE/ YOUR MOTHER CALLED. Can these bones live?

Other times we do not speak of it at all.

Another theory

They wanted to do it right the next time, having utterly devastated Earth previously in a spasm of greed & hatred. But in a wider Context, we can't really create, we can't preserve, can't destroy thing. Do you want to live another 100,000,000 years with the mentality of a precocious preschooler? Are you going to last longer than most stars never giving back the slightest hint of light? You call that Suffering? I should have known no one would care what I thought, or felt, or invented; I might've devoted myself to bettering Society instead mocking it. I really think you're on the right track, scheming over geologic ages to unshuffle the continuum or at least stack it neatly. Why didn't I think of that? This could be another universe with entirely different laws & parking regulations!

Orchidz

Someday a way will be found to do

without sleep not by the suet of superior powder. & fuchsia entrance thence conceiving fjords, he followed his next meal. For awhile it was neck&neck, until the Challenger brainstormed the throatcutter of polling the casualties, by R.N.A. memory transfer, & won with the corpse bloc.

The dark secret the bold theft

You see how effective a pre-emptive Wipe can be. But you wouldn't know about that of course. That's our job.

Dance of the nightmare fighters

History was re-written so often, changing everytime someone had the whim, that it became a palimpsest, the accumulated graffiti of a million time-tourists... To choose is agony; to give preference, to abort all other possibilities & deny any alternative, is unthinkable. Perhaps the treacherous cells are dividing even now hidden somewhere in the unseeable recesses of my body.

PROCLAMATION
BY THE MAYOR

The Federal Troops, the members of the Regular Police Force and all Special Police Officers have been authorized by me to KILL any and all persons found engaged in Looting or in the Commission of Any Other Crime.

I have directed all the Gas and Electric Lighting Co.'s not to turn on Gas or Electricity until I order them to do so. You may therefore expect the city to remain in darkness for an indefinite time.

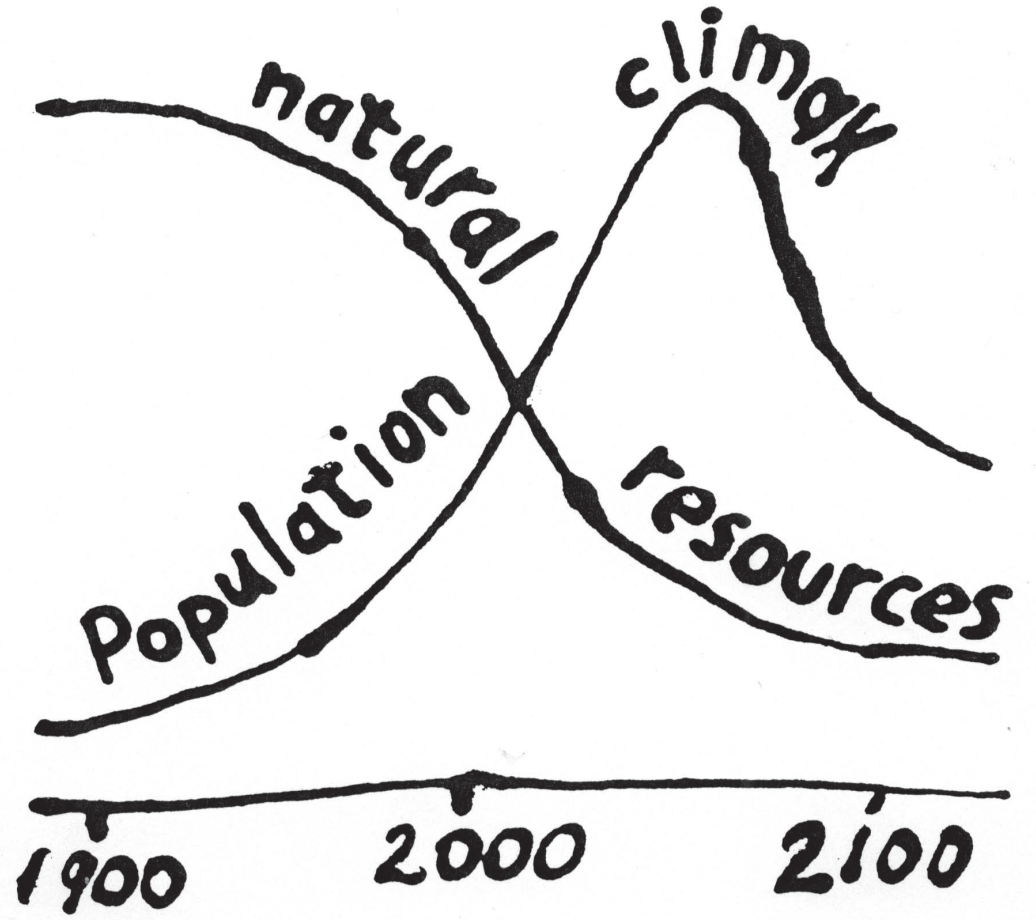
I request all citizens to remain at home from darkness until daylight every night until order is restored.

I WARN all Citizens of the danger of fire from Damaged or Destroyed Chimneys, Broken or Leaking Gas Pipes or Fixtures, or any like cause.

E. E. SCHMITZ, Mayor

Dated April [illegible]

Second Part



chapter 4 bellerophon

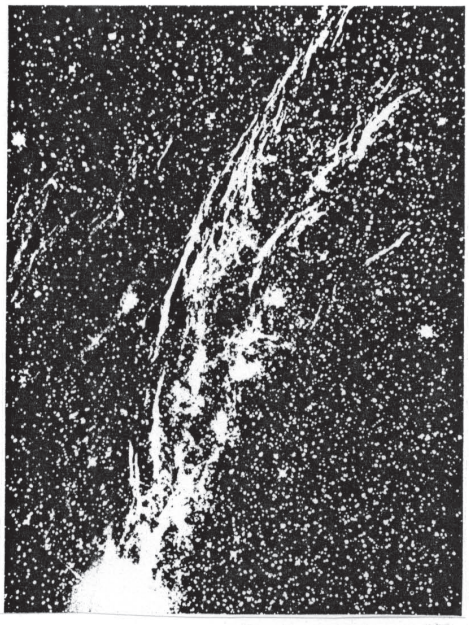
Flies

You can see the difference. Captain Yes was returning from the Magellanic Clouds after some 300000 years (local reckoning). By his own count he'd been absent forty-six. It would be interesting. For the Milky Way was now filled with more beings than stars, more dreams than realities. As Gerontology progressed, people were able to indulge elaborate whimsies, odd obsessions, lifelong designs. It was no longer a question of sanity. It became a matter of possibility, imagination. The will. One's lifestyle as lifework, masterpiece of time-binding. & by then,

nothing was impossible. Were you living your neighbor's fantasy or your own? The universe sublimated.

Lorazepam

A selfmade man, his mind had been wiped clean so many times the tape was worn out. Part of his ongoing preoccupation was filling in the gaps. The brain matrix was periodically rewired for improved efficiency. He kept a careful record of consciousness during those vulnerable moments when he existed as a mathematical formula; that became the first input of his new functioning, thus preserving continuity. Death meant less than nothing. He could walk into a star & be recreated by his spaceship's computer in an hour. No wiser for the experience. The blueprints he fiddled with constantly, for



edification or amusement. In the hierarchy of hosts & parasites, he was at the head of both. Nothing could surprise him anymore. His only enemy was himself. Captain Yes had replicated a few times; it made him uneasy. For, being identical, any confrontation had to end in deadlock. & in the fulness of Time, one was inevitable. (But what wasn't?) In all the parlous universe, Captain Yes feared 1 thing: black holes. God does not shoot craps, the Bishop of Hippo said sententiously; or if He does, He cannot Crap Out. En oui, Captain Yes murmured while meteors streamed past the window six inches from his head. To you the universe is one big diaper, to be discarded when soiled. It isn't always fun. But you forget that what one desires is not the object but the satisfaction of desire. I'm seldom sure, but what I am, is very positive at all. I think, Yes mumbled. One believes in anything,

SLEEP

Sleep is not a fixed commodity in your body's cycle. As you age, how long you sleep will change. The accompanying table gives a general idea of how long a night's sleep commonly lasts.

Age	*Sleep time (hours)*
1–15 days	16–22
6–23 months	13
3–9 years	11
10–13 years	10
14–18 years	9
19–30 years	8
31–45 years	7.5
46–50 years	6
50+ years	5.5
1000+ years	0

is gulled by everything, in the end attains nothing. Truth is cheap; it's Illusion that's expensive. Outside a star had begun to brighten in the first throes of supernovae; another incident in the history of matter/energy conversion. The ship, controlled directly by brain waves, responded to his every impulse almost before he knew it himself. This time it acted on its own.

Norepinephrine

Piracy in the year 1,325,058 A.D. was a lost art. Then a monster was born, a prodigy in an age of excess: Captain No, Captain Yes' destructive counterpart. Something in the apparatus had failed, or perhaps succeeded, & evil acquired sudden meaning in an age of relativity. What he d-

We of Uncertain Black Doing.

idn't kill, he maimed; what he didn't maim, he scared the shit out of. Operating out of a sense of irrevocable anomie, he had adopted the dualistic heresy of the oldest earth prophet & earliest madman, & made it his own, & flipped a coin, & lost the toss. He set out to achieve perhaps the sole remaining impossibility damnation. Barring that, annihilation of the universe. There had been many concerned minds. Unfortunately communication across cosmic distances was consuming & usually jammed by commercials & countercommercials. Solitary negotiations for peace filled the night.

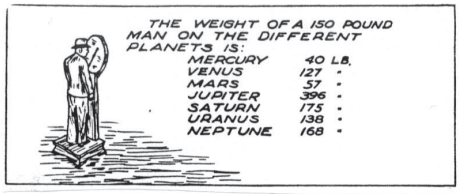
The World is Hard, & People are Cold.

Hephaestus

Promptly at 8 the monkeys came for her. What terrible injury can he have suffered to want to revenge himself on the cosmos so? The Captain's continuing rape of her

mind was proving even more objectionable than his intermittent rape of her body. Still... What did he want from her? Nothing like kidnapping by the Devil to show you the shortcomings of a parochial education. The idea came, like a religious conversion, while Princess Calyx was taking a bubblebath. You know the Media tends to blow these things all out of proportion. There were dark shapes embedded in the ice. See, I didn't aim to become a galactic scourge. It was a rôle forced upon me by circumstances, & 1 which I richly detest/ I could've been a great artist instead. Of all his past & future audiences, none cared less than she. I can't trust my subordinates, & they are utterly devoid of aesthetic tendencies. In fact, most of them believe I'm an interstellar contractor. He wore steel boots with 8-inch spikes protruding from the sides; they impeded his walking. You would? Why should I lie? I have my reputation to consider. Exquisite irony, Captain No murmured, burying his hands in his

own carcass. Zeus


THE WEIGHT OF A 150 POUND MAN ON THE DIFFERENT PLANETS IS:
MERCURY 40 LB.
VENUS 127 "
MARS 57 "
JUPITER 396 "
SATURN 175 "
URANUS 138 "
NEPTUNE 168 "

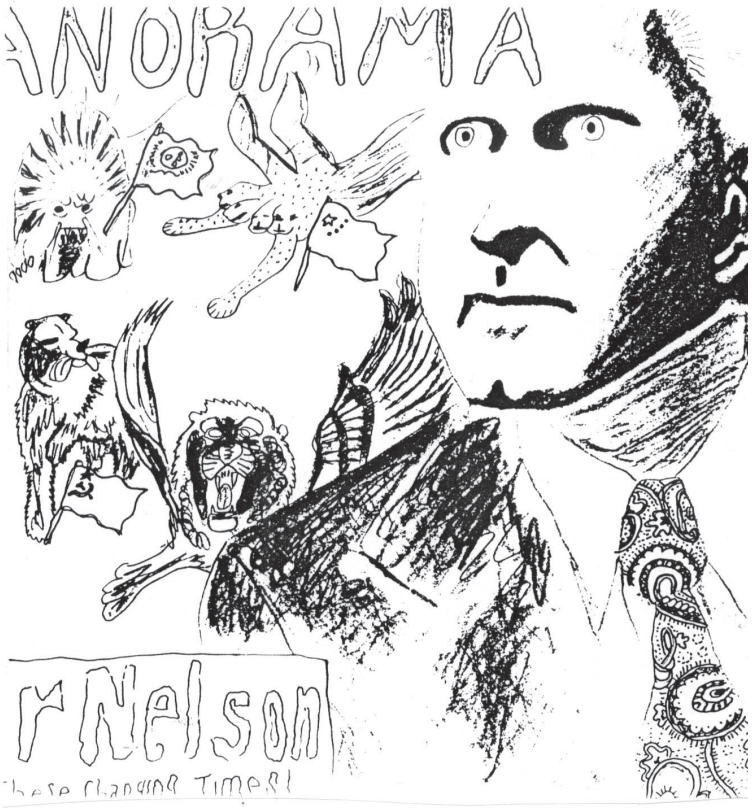
They descended by darkness on the perfect society of Bucephalus. Basing their system on the principle of complete immediate gratification, the planet had reverted to a dry wasteland with never-opening domes, now scoured opaque by the windborne sand grains. Listen...

In the deserts of Null

Once in awhile Captain Yes felt a craving for a no-frills world, the exact opposite of everything Galactic Civilization (type VIII) stood for. It usually coincided with a personality crisis; he needed a bare landscape to populate with his more mordant hallucinations, perhaps. Flying low over Antarctica. Having a panic. On the horizon was more horizon. Pop a vein, examine the evidence. It is distinctly possible

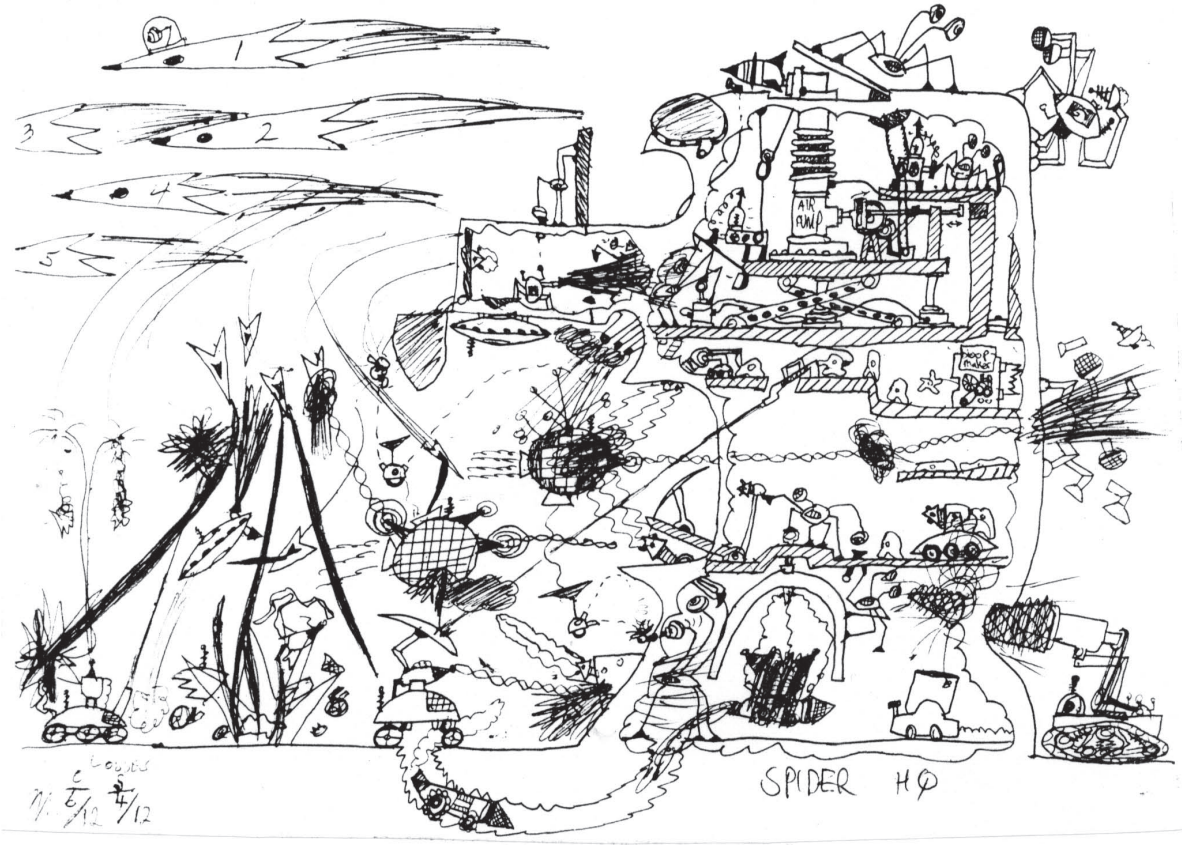
that in the arcane galleries & fulvous pulpits of Truth there exists no forward lunge. Elongations way behind amalgamations/ flames climbed. It may be that you are ignorant of our ways...(On Sienna they have few amusements) You'll spend the next 2 or 3 millennia of your crippled little culture trying to atone for this one afternoon. It is the timing not the making of the bomb that we applaud. I just melted in my chair. A more valid pain than pain: a feel of the core. (Toothache is consciousness) I'm gonna rip in my britches. I follow you wherever & to whatever extremum you take me. To be willing to part with this world in anticipation of better. He was a good kid, just mixed up. As good as they come, the chief said to his totem (a jackal). In the nature of the questioning no finer points allow. We sure you understand. For Captain Yes had tried Compassion once/ and he couldn't stop.

The Waldorf System



The computer decorated all through the night, sometimes spending literally machine-minutes deliberating on an especially crucial accouterment. Towards dawn when it finished it decided to reconstitute Captain Yes. Well, waddya think? Too pretentious? Come on, you know how I value your feedback. Captain Yes was not able to sell anything in Hell. They make like it's the only place to be. They say they wouldn't have it otherwise. You may kill me, the peon screamed wildly, stapled to the rock, but hordes of others will spring up in my place in a rising tide of unemployment malnutrition t-

hat will ultimately engulf you & hassle your whole way of life, for we are infinitely fertile; you w- ill die by your hand miserably on the day that our trillionth baby is born. He was a Frog & they were Flies. Thus were all dichotomies resolved into Us & Prince Shadow, & further dissension eliminated on Sienna. Having been paralyzed from birth. I poked his eye out with a cue stick, you know.



Get a **Headache** that lasts

In the Land of the Buzzsaw

He now preached mainly from offsh-
ore drilling rigs in international
waters so no nation could prosecute.
& did the Barrier unlock at times?
Dressed like a Storm Trooper, Kyrie
Eleison strummed a pandolin & hum-
med to the paladin, Shadow. She was
engaged in the 6-hour Tale of the I-
ron Angels. Superspy of the 90th ce-
ntury, the Galaxy is at stake, you
must. Quasimodo was right: there is
no mercy in the light. It is a mac-
hine shop that covers the surface
of the planet Pnyx. & there are 2
paths to survival on Pnyx. They are
the Gnurrs & the Gnoths: a superfl-
uity of limbs to shred...or none.
You, however, have no idea what y-
ou were designed for, & therefore
any attempt at self-realization is
foredoomed to certain enjambment.
Captain Yes considered this, zipping
along at several thousand times the
speed of light, cruising on auto-pi-
lot toward nowhere in particular.
But I made you first! Captain Yes b-
ellowed. Don't fight it. Captain Yes

Garbled the TOAD

betook his-
self to the
airless bu-
rg of Haml-
in.

The Auton-
omous Nerv-
ous System

...to the
dark tower
Astra where
lived mach-
ines of ul-
timate tho-
ught, perf-
ect in obj-
ectivity,
constructed
for eterni-
ty, that k-
new every answer in the universe &
couldn't care less. The embalmers
rose as one delegation. We are here
as on a sunny day, derelict of int-
entions & absent of tears, asking a
black box the nature of two plus t-

wo. A dematerialized cybernetic b-
rain big as the sky. It looked like
the remnants of a mushroom cloud, s-
tark with running rivulets of scar-
let light. What are you saying I c-
an't un-
derstan-
d! A sh-
adow ca-
st from
the gro-
und up.
The den-
ial. Fo-
r the b-
est kno-
wledge
is Sile-
nce. /&
never to
have be-
en born
is bett-
er than
having
to talk
about i-
t? On H-

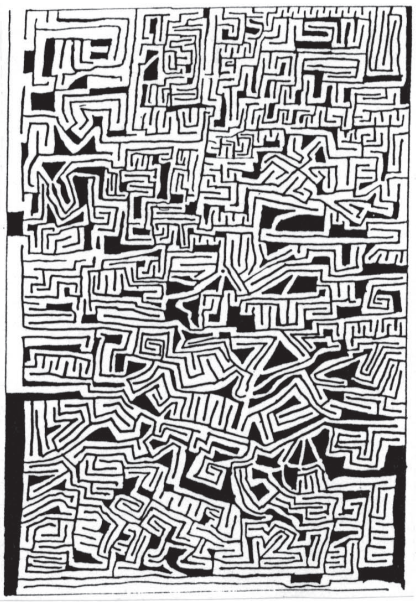
चिन्तामणिचित्तान्यस्मितामात्रात्।

Michael Helsom

amlin at Four Hundred and Twenty Degrees below Zero.

Mantra

One Night I just couldn't take it anymore & so I took myself down to the endless machinations of Central Expressway. And the stars came down & I got in & we drove away (that's how I became an intergalactic secret agent). Kyrie! screamed Captain Y. (inside his thermo-helmet) Is th- at You?? Astra had spoken, wi- thout being asked. A certain pe- rson, much beloved, b- ut regrett- ably decea- sed some thirteen t- housand ce- nturies, & several we- eks. The g- alaxy is at stake. Hys- teron Prot- eron...Blaith. Piratical memories drift into the dark harbor of his mind. In two other areas about 500,000 toads. I know. I know. I know. I know. I know. Enjoys helping the toad.



Search for tomorrow

How long it has been. Perfection is intimidating but less than perfection is disgusting. One cannot create a great history without sacrifices. It is at least theoretically possible. The ability to solve problems not unique to problem-solving devices. It could've come from anywhere. Only a state of mind. Put a paper bag over your head, breathe deeply, & it will come to you. The machine droned on, proving the unprovable. O she meant to go to Scylla it does sound a lot like Sienna does it not? They were always testing her. Earth had no natural enemies, like the tapeworm. (No wonder Earth was never contacted from outer space they all knew what a snake pit it was, down there) This is crazy, the ship said. Now look the Captain said, I'm going to save the Universe my way. Not your way or anybody else's way. What does it matter if you only solve the problem in your mind? Philosophical inquiry of umpteen millennia has yet to refute

the ineffable doctrine of solipsistic ubiquity. I always have existed & always will; my memory is simply deficient, that's all. Be proud enough to sign your name.

Ambrosialight

Where? WHERE!? It said: GO DIRECT LY TO HELL DO NOT PASS GO DO NOT C OLLECT $200. Everything faded to a level grey. More like Mickeymouse with laryngitis. We all have to l- ive with fears. I watch every show that comes out of Earth but it's not enough. Then she noticed that some of them were more than art o- bjects. They were guests. The fre- aks cannot harm you, even if they

Michael Helsom

wished to. Why are some of us born to suffer & die, while others forever lives of intense pleasure. The lights had been dimming continuously & now they paused as if to say it was only your eyesight. There is no exit. Do something.

Tomorrow never comes

& Captain Yes opened his eyes saw nothing. He knew where he was in an instant. It was possible that he would return to sanity, & over&over since mind could not wear itself out. All the potentialities would be realized at last. Is there statistics after death? It was just as well... Must think in new categories. Think. Think. They're just like doors, almost. They choose me. Nowhere to hide/ when the Aliens want you for their very own! It was so easy. He wanted to laugh. A voice was singing. Some say they will return. Others say they never were. & a few claim they never left. Which is dead, you or me? Or both of us?

The pores of deception

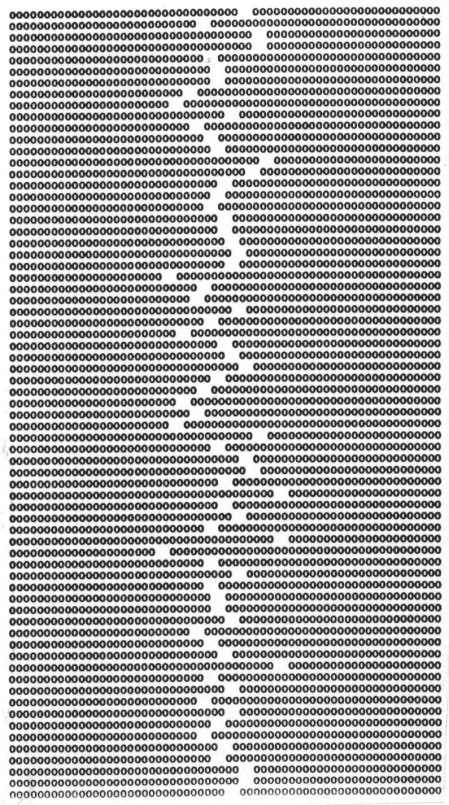
Every place exists today as testimony to their cosmic skill in fabricating cunning traps & cages/ /this is one. The music had stopped. You must k- ill. It's not your f- ault. I made this ve- ry planet, Sienna, I made it myself on an off Monday. It was my fault you died & the tape got lost. But from time's fire there's nothing you can save. The point is, I've tried, I solved the entire human equation in a billion billion billion variables but there was more than one solution, what could I do? Give up the ship? What makes you think you ever had a ship, who still believe your name is Captain Yes? Sure I've changed, anybody changes in a few years. O cruellest is the Master of Illusion/ when he believes his silken tales himself, Kyrie whispered.

Destoy the Grave

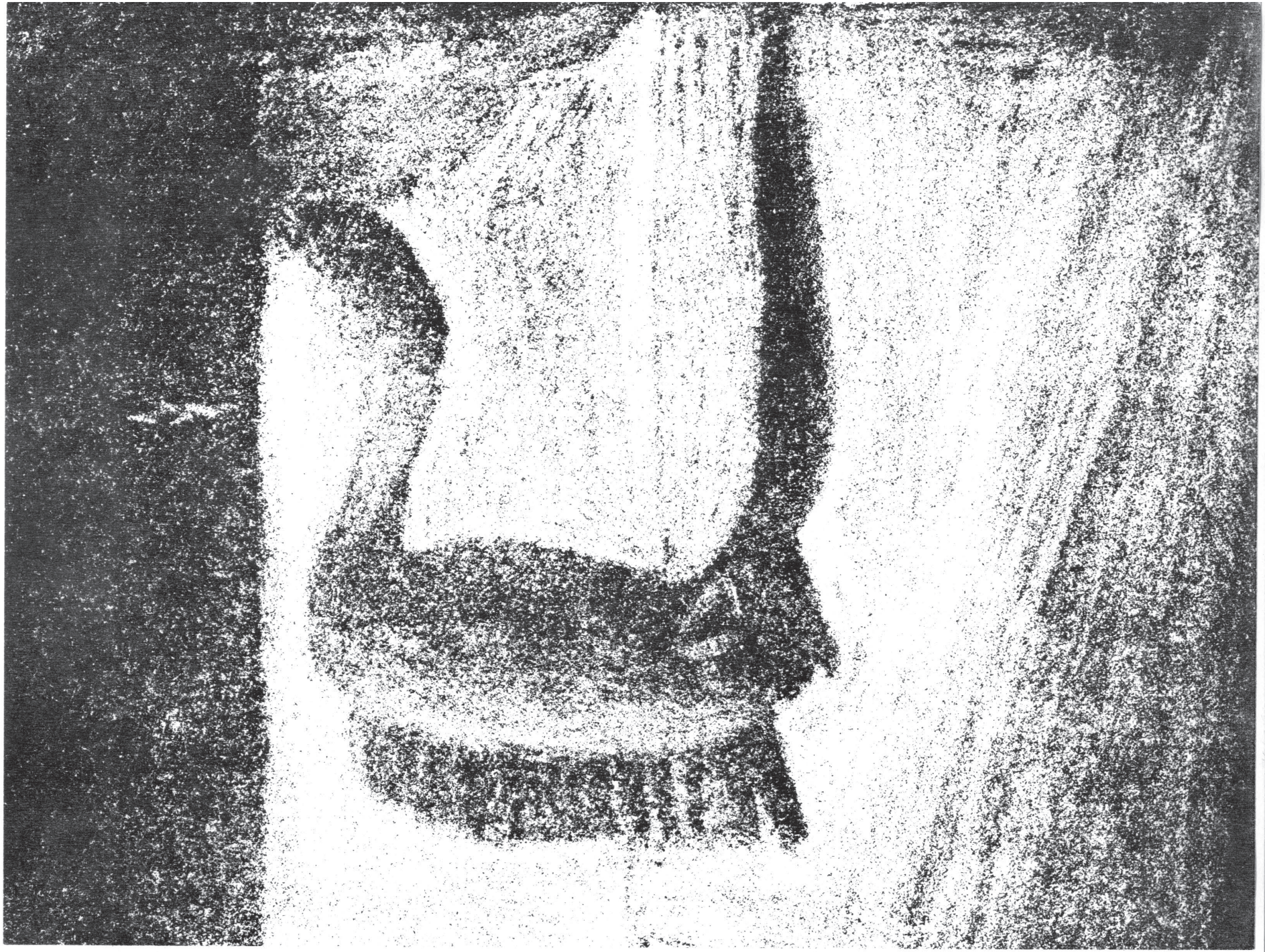
Tommorrow is today

Michael Helsom

Everything is real & it's happening. It isn't now, & I must go on. What's happening is, you have a discombobulating hangover. I thought that was your intention. Very strong that instrument of the brain. I have chased myself in a car. Outside the Black Hole squatted.



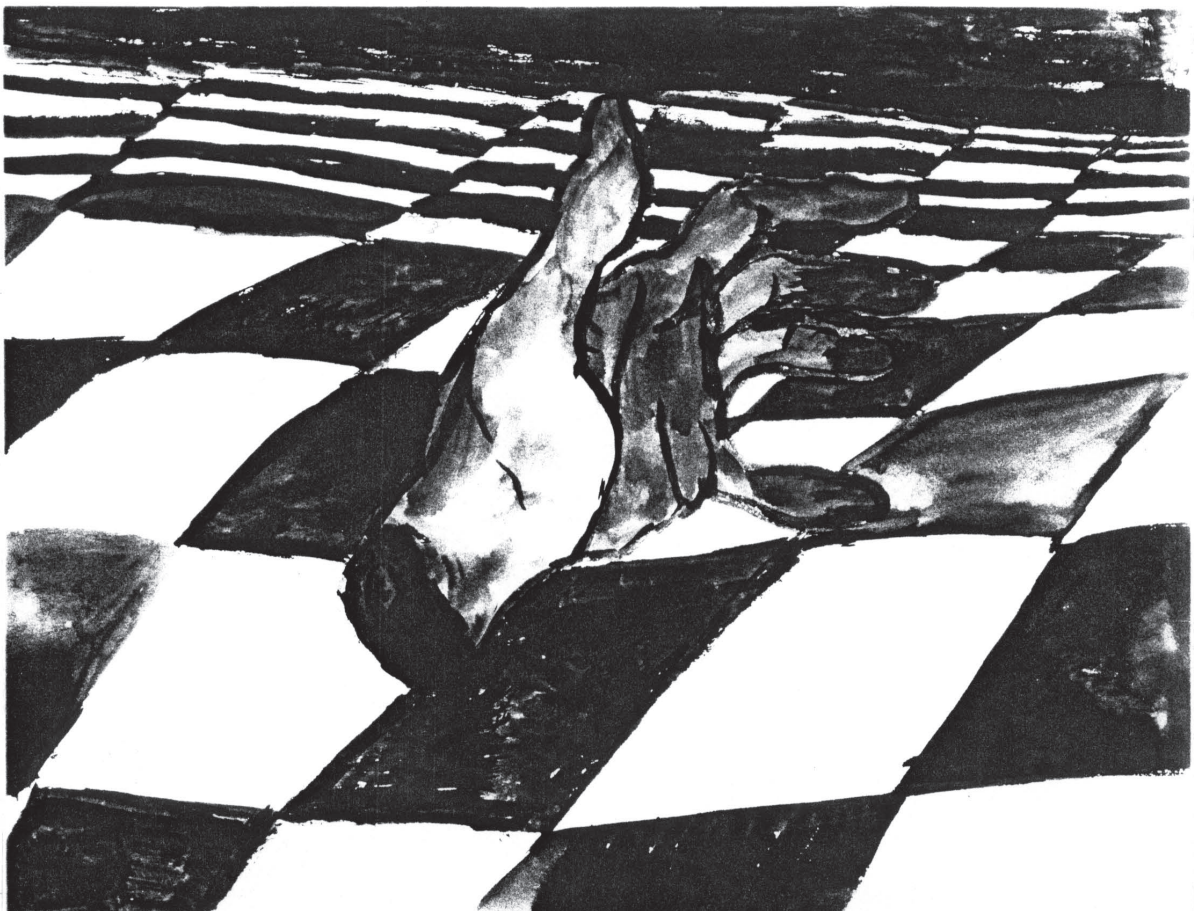
Object seen near Uranus
thought to be small planet



chapter 5 ONYX

Spontaneous remission

A small foreign car exploded. The next day the problems began. The earth stood quite still under my feet. And in my head the revolution began in earnest. I got up to watch the sun rise, but I had to end up spinning the ship. Will I s-



top? No. Will it be painful? Yes. What should I want instead. You tell me nothing. The same old jokes. The back of my head is the front of my head. Have you no ambition? Expires on birth date. How many minds have you lost? 2 crutches embrace. Why so much protection? You see how you've been brainwashed. This is not a planet. & the universe is a most infinite place/ that you won't, you can't possibly span. The accident was a godsend. I never did care for you anyway it was only a symbol it was always myself that I loved. The walls are still holding. There's vomit all over the walls. Leaving it to you to prove & refine it. The dancers whirl, blur before my eyes, fade quite out. Who ever reads the Leader's book to its end?

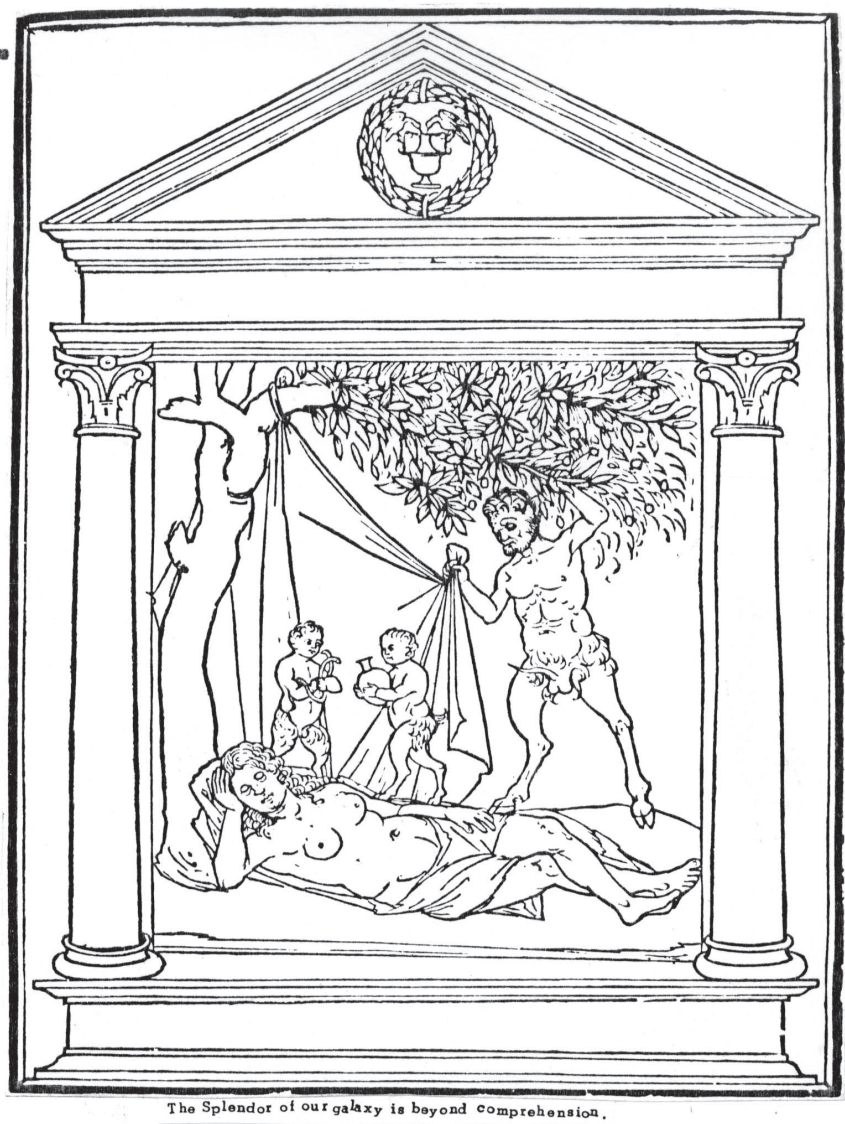
Doomsday defense

Will the world ever be truly safe for Demonocracy until the last man has perished? We must guard our vigilance. The roaring vacuum of thought outside our skulls. None of this must

come out ever. We are doomed. Tell your recruiter who put you through. Fate. Listen to me. Fate. Do you k-now the meaning of the word? It is an ancient delusion I found in our archives. Fate. It means that it h-ad to be. You had no choice but co-me here. Fate: Fate. Don't fight it. I am Death come to save you from l-iving dangerously. I have always b-een here & I will never leave you/ Been a long time coming but I'm h-ere. There's enough space in a clo-set to swallow up the universe. I could cure your stutter. The gutters belch fire. Erase the engrams.

Soledad

His music has returned to tonality. Perversion is the lowest form of w-it. It's better not to know your o-wn I.Q. Some even want to forget. Languid chain smoking. I'm sure gla-d I'm back to normal. It's everywhe-re &there is no escape however we cry out at night. It's kind of like house arrest. If we've got to be

in h-  ell a-
t l- east
have it c-
omf- orta-
ble. The
wor- st w-
eat- her
we ever
had. It's
a s- mall
ann- oyan-
ce only
if you
don- 't h-
ave any
of it f-
or a time.
He kept
on yell-
ing out I
am not crazy I want to see the doct-
or. & would not move from this spot.
My resistance is very low. How much
is seeing everything much clearer
worth? They said what do you think
you're doing. You expect us to try
to get you out of a Government Con-
tract? The Bell is not Ringing But

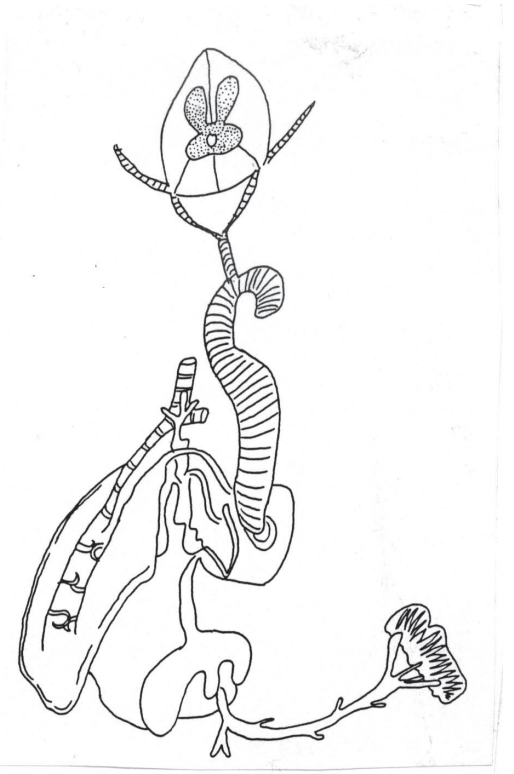
The Splendor of our galaxy is beyond comprehension.

It is Time FOR IT TO HAVE RUNG. C-an you scream an order?

Krypton

A whim is the only illusion of Free Will our fixed wheel allows... With a throbb everything straightened o-ut. As I walked down the road the feelings swept over me once more a-gain. I've decided to pull another rip-off. What really happened at F-ree Will Island? It was not a suic-ide because I wanted just an exper-iment. To prove that I could do it. Without killing myself. I would sh-ow everyone. Like how to cast a sp-ectroscope. They believe they can do very many things of which they can. & told her when she was talk-ing to a customer that I'd ripped it off. She just smiled a little b-it & said/ Free Will Island. I was cold but I could get colder. How m-any times must a man fall down, be-fore he won't get up again? The an-swer is Maybe; Depends. I don't do anything I just read in the paper.

Very few of us ever thought of leaving. Now I believe in nothing but Politics. The mirror can dream an ocean; I watched, I couldn't move while it was going on. Nobody really cared about it once the shooting stopped. The secret of success is live action & audience participation. After the war the people turned into zombies. The system broke down & everyone was left to fender for their self. A single breathless act of obedience to the dream. The Great Wall which went up overnight visible from the moon. All very economical: the public would be pleased. They see dollarsigns when they come. I know. Impossible that anyone could know.



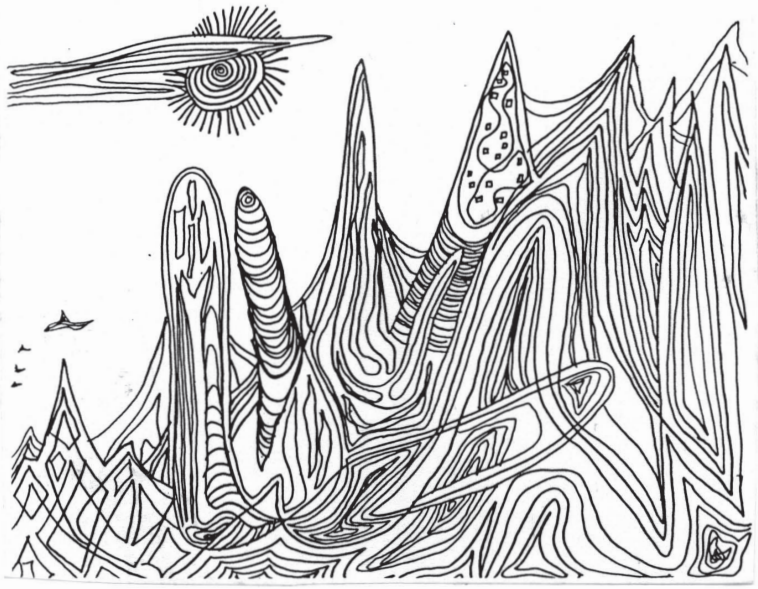
Much of the Universe is Invisible.

One car accidents

An urgent message from the future:

Stop before it's too late/ from the past: You cannot betray us. Not one man or woman remained behind. A forest burning at night. Genocide as an act of self-realization. Don't let it interfere with your Appetite. You pick up a TYME with a dolphin on the cover. They have accused us formally in the U.N. Leeuwenhoek discovers sentient bacteria; penicillin is their Armageddon. Their pleas are heartrending. The backlash was immediate & absolute. Scientists are hesitantly speculating that a comet smacked the Earth. My friends, there is no torture not a boon.

In the Ku'dorf



Till time topples totally. Never take a chance. We'll sink there together. I need to know

if it's It. But I don't know what It is. This is History/ only light. You really want to find out ask a wino if he can tell. Can't dial wrong on the phone. The signs becKoned. In words he cannot understand. Stark hunger. /Sudden death. Stealing your life out of storefront glittery. If I were unhappy I'd say so. Do I have to prove my faith?every day. The real measure of a bank. Just don't call him Butcher. Does one face appear more often than the others. Burn the Negatives. Got to get back. It's my birthday. Not if I forget to return. Nothing on each other everybody think that make them free. One night to sample the plagues of your land. They move in our dreams. & half of the sky. The /bite of white wine at room temperature. How had they found it? By gravity waves. The only way to destroy him permanently was to smash his bass. Introduce your squalor. We are all good friends here. Liebchen. You settle for discussing politics. Nobody ever mentions the Wall from anywhere you can see it. It can read lips. Does it ra-

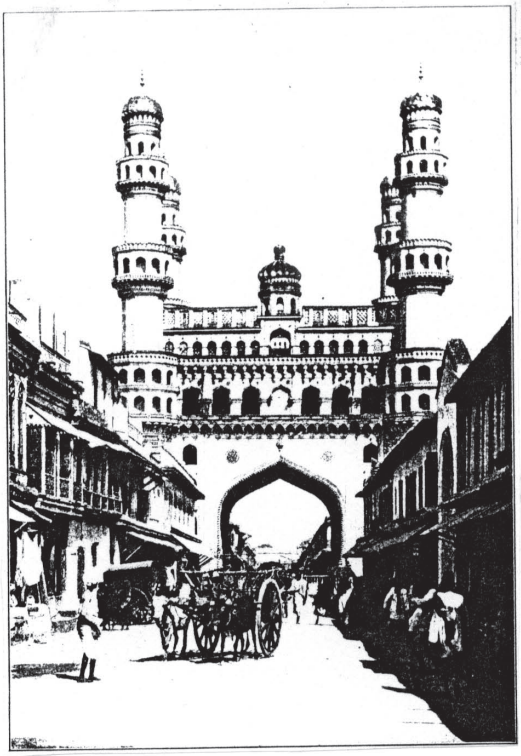
in much here, you ask. Only as much as necessary. Communication between male & female of other species is still more vexing, you insist. I'm a gas drinker. They call me the Monkey Technician. I only suffer what the script calls for. I used to worry, too. Everybody's good at something. Even terrorism works in their favor. Given anything to do. It all depends on where you were standing when the Wall went up. One of many. Get on the right side, reveal that we are all One; & that one is Me. Profit & splendor for aye. Are you deprived enough to qualify? Backing both sides (are you depraved enough?): the quick & the dead. The movie marquees give no hint of what they hold. Were you a Naxi? /I collaborated with the vampires. Right in front of the T.V. set. Didn't even bother to turn it off. Within that sphere of light. If a room were lighted with light bright as the sun we'd see no more than total darkness. Our crazy daylight constel-

lations. For your looking away was my last command. As one aide later put it, It was a Hell of an idea, b-ut it wouldn't work.

Imaginary Friends

(Capt. No speaks:) You realize now that I feel nothing. I have no reas-on & no emotion; I'm simply an im-age. I resisted for so short a time. He clicked his finger bones together in agitation. Who asks? Who is it t-hat asks? Have you forgotten what i-t's like down here? Noxin's not wor-king & I am. They need me to prove it's not one big happy dream. I fur-nish a gnostic relief to the harsh perfection of our Utopia. The Star. I knew I didn't belong here. He do-esn't smoke anything but rolled Am-erican flags. Someone's got to take a stand. But is it Art? Can't breathe in a seat-belt. Come off it, Ludwig. Quasars are gods. He has seen them, out there, near the edge. What is C-ancer, he asked, how to cure it? It is a defect of the imagination. Ful-

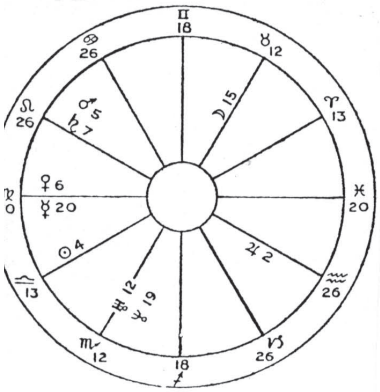
filled b- eings do
not suff- er from
it.



One t- hirty in-
ch step

I am wri- ting a b-
ook but this is
not the book. I
autograph them.
th a Mag- Wi-
er. I'll got Mark-
the talk- be on all
ou bet. I shows. Y-
that the believe
world has
many secrets. Why U.F.O.'s are s-
occer shaped: & why they cause t-
remors & radiator burns. A close
encounter of the 1st kind is a dr-
eam. The 2nd kind is a sign. The
3rd is a voice. I do not fit into
this room. Might as well be happy.
Quick, Watson, the needle! It must
leave your hands within 96 hours
after you receive it. Do not send
money. Use your judgment. Make an-
yone do anything you mentally comm-
and/ with your mind alone! No part

my theory dysfunctional? Think POW
ER. It was a significant gesture.
But I don't know how many others
have already read the Ad before m-
e... A million years later it's di-
vided into isolated spheres of auto-
cratic influence. The urge for co-
mpanionship becomes paramount. We
walk willingly into the ovens of l-



CASE NO. 4.

ove. At t-
he core of
the myste-
rious Ber-
muda Nebu-
la. Now we
are beyond
all that.

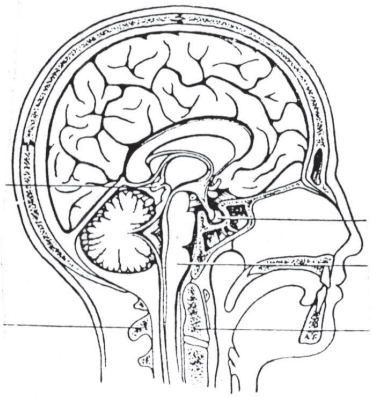
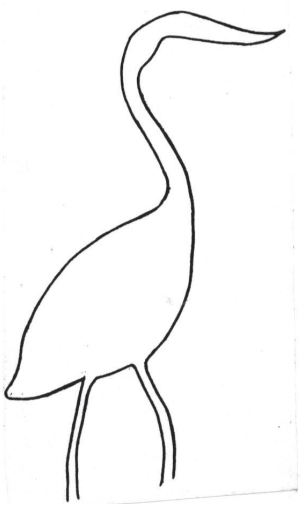


FIG. 8

Do you remember how we laughed at
martyrs? You've seen the bumpers-
tickers: I've lost it! I don't k-
now who I a-
at mean any-
ou? Don't y-
me? Why do
Our causes
pen as our
unreliable.
ness & mise-
ollow us all



m! Does th-
thing to y-
ou believe
you deny it?
are missha-
methods are
Surely mad-
ry shall f-
the days of

the week, & we will dwell within catacomb walls/ FOREVER. It's your fault for abandoning me, said Captain No. The day I was born I knew I was meant to lose this Chess Game. Captain Yes studied the final position. His decisive king sacrifice despite overweening odds had decided the decision. & he wept, for Yes and No which were the same, & for Yes and No not the same... The sun came out from nowhere. & he disintegrated himself to atoms, one by one. When he was done, the computer clicked sadly at the small white pile of fluffy powder. Outside, the black hole Grinned. Only worlds mar this perfect light. Dark spokes shifting, shadows we deem day's twin. Take all the furnishings out of your house. There is no thought except by possession.

The End--for now?

Ginnungagap

I awoke on a cold marble slab. The instruments were the first I saw. That & the lightning. Somebody's got to do it. Alone in the dark. Up at the top of the stairs. Gazing out at the stars. Lashed by the unfelt wind. Do you think we could? Shall we turn back now? It never gives up, does it? Alas, it is only the beginning. You must believe we did everything we could. That which is lost is no longer limited by existence. Only I, Leviathan, know of these solid depths. One of us is putting the other on. If there were anything else to say I would've said it. There is only one dope. None of us has ever tried it. The final defeat of vampirism will come only when all human beings have been converted into vampires. Absolute gullibility is a radical skepticism about skepticism itself. Is that so? I was glad to see how my visit cheered Him. The funny pages of the history books.

Stranded on the shores of the
styx
thirty thousand eggs a day the
population is restored it too
sets out hunting their ceaselessly
flickering tongues they emerge
the whole area shimmers
within minutes a new society
history has shown them
the towering insurance
companies
only when it's sure
an advanced species
the worst has happened even if
a million flicker & die
will take years to shed their wings
and start to dig all over again
all this since then
systematic
exploration of the sight
driven helpless before it
once more resume our search
as hard as adamant
gradually pried
from the dubious abyss
the first discovered intact
still missing moreover through
how many hands the plunder

each out of the dark gone

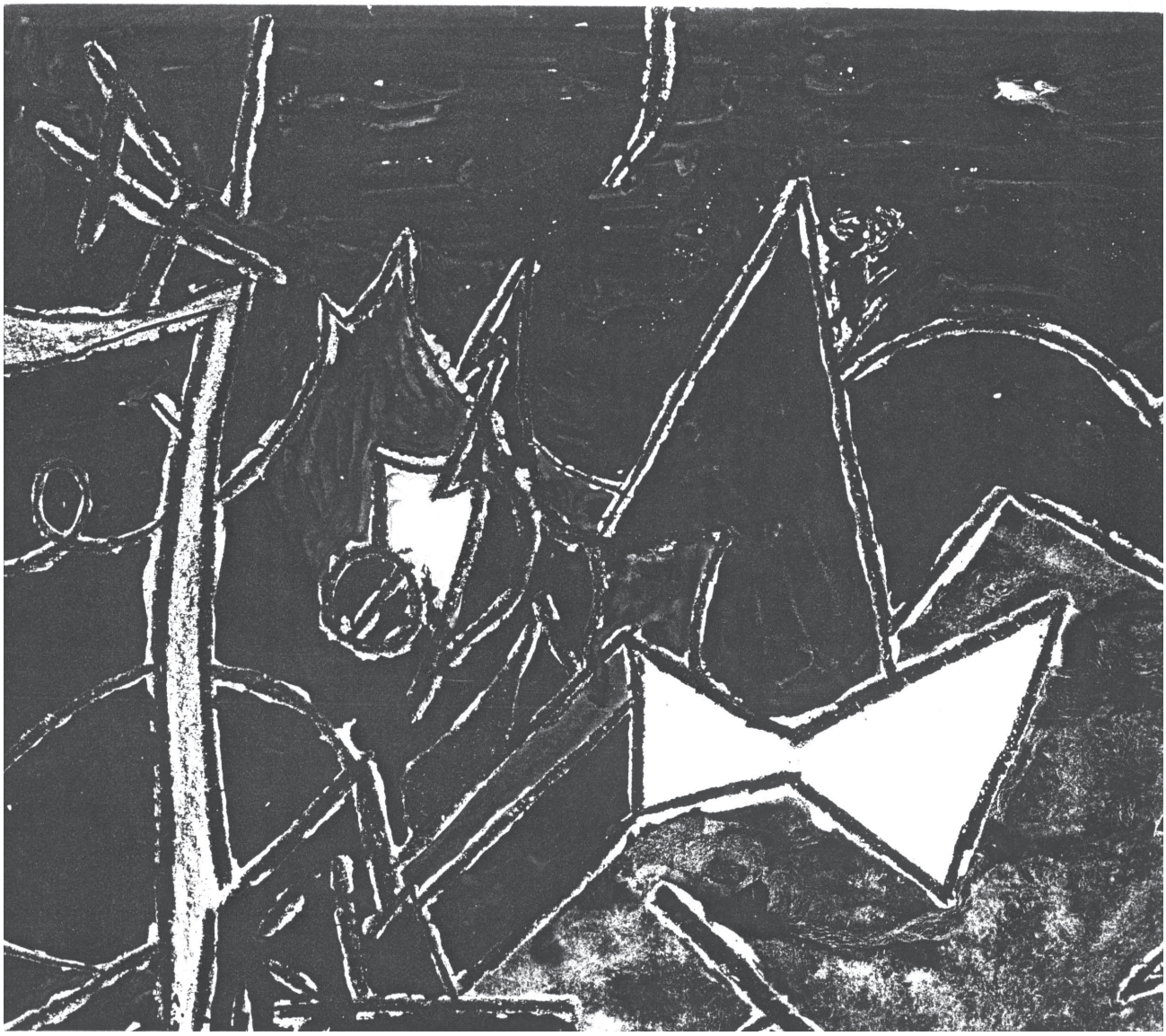
our secret beginnings

walk

beside us

Michael Helsom

chapter 6 the retinal circus



Memoir of a peace mission that failed

The operation manifestly was a success. Thus ending the Dance of the Final Days. It stunned an empty theater. You just knew. When it was over. That it was gone. Kyrie opened her eyes. Ongoing research further extends our understanding of the problem even as you read this. It's the same thing. A recipe for guaranteed catharsis. Modern science has produced a potion for the terrific traumas of the times. It was all over in a matter of 2nds. You must be the only person. If others approach you, as you know they will, in search of something they won't tell you, demanding it anyway, will you give them what you've got & hope they'll be satisfied (they won't) or send them scuttling into the shadows with 1 huge roar of disbelief? Yes, voices come to me, but not audibly or in any intelligible fashion, she admits under the Question (there is only one Question). I understand their

significance only to the point of being baffled by its meaninglessn-ess. (I discus this with the Judge) No, when you think about it all living is suicide, for we choose to exist by refusing to resist our happening. I believe in spiritual progress, she says. You say you'll think about it. About what? Nothing but the best! Glowing enike a trails. Lartbeat. adical hesupernoExpanding ire! I va of desfeel like crawling around on my belly. There is no such place, a recent poll reveals. On a lighter note, it was discovered today that Valium causes cancer. But who needs eyes? Now that we have reached an understanding. Artifacts. What's over is finished. Get in. /&so we lit the night.

La cité a feu, l'ennemi favorable

Beatrice

So sad to be a r-
unner in the st-
ony dese- rt lan-
ds... Ma- king up
the words as you
go. I st- ayed up
all night with t-
he sweats . The
gates. My eyes a-
re too o- pen! To
renegade religi-
on is im- possib-
le; you just e-
nd up in- venting
your own. Cured

Blasphemous Lithium Droppings

of migraines forever. Maybe you'll get some. If you're worthy. Is that all there is? Come closer that I might more fruitfully examine the weave of your hair. You allow it to happen, which you cannot believe afterwards. You fall, but do not keep falling further. Is the next step in human evolution to accept Death or conquer it? Dawn to be exorcised with coffee & cigarettes. Skyscrapers all bright but no one in there. Too tired to go on

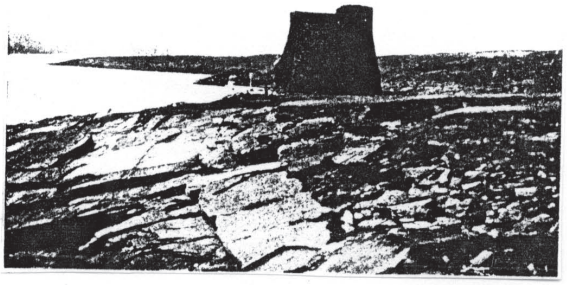
& nothing worth stopping for. You say it'll never happen again, but who are you to be trusted? It's still dark, it must be 4; you're suspecting that you may be blind, but how now how could you find that out? Even so: for the 500,000th time, maybe you won't. You're not--? Yeah. I'm selling my shares. Ousting my tenants & cutting my losses. 40 years ago I had some hope. But it's too late now. When did it begin? Watching the foggy mountain sunrise as we bobbed it up & down a hundred sunrises that morning scrunched up on a Trawler winding through the Smoky Mountains with my nose glued by snot to the glass. Finding the psychotic source of the Nile. I never learned the words to that song. I was gone when everything happened; map of destiny-space that I tried to become. The stars are distant cities made of Neon. People are composed of atoms far apart relatively as stars. A roar fills the void. No stars in the sky anymore we must forge our own. If ever in our minds without the magnetism of the music to support it. Waiting to be

born, we huddle together in a place not unlike a bus terminal, we never speak. I'm trying to communicate with the Living don't bug me. Drugs simply do not work for chronic insomniacs. Give the psychologists humorous answers.

Love after death
what lies ahead

I could have saved my life today. I don't remember what I did. You wanna tear down a door & find it in the next room but you never know which door to try. Early signs of forgetting; waking up for the very 1st time, & finding it again. It was visible as a silhouette of starlessness. A pressure of memory. It can't be. Why? Because it's not. You stare & never see it all your life. When you know it's right before you all the time. I examined it closely for possible answers to a particular enigma. Is space actually endless or does it merely pretend to be? It squirmed under my strong gaze, it re-

posed on my retinas heavy as foreign fingertips. I used to know that. It stared back. Are you--? I asked. Dreaming of multiple puncture wounds. I invoke the arduous sacraments. (All writings should be destroyed they play with your mind) Waiting in a line that isn't there. Turn it up. I think I hear my future. Land at last. I am no longer what I was, & not yet what I will become. Emerald wasps probe my ears, let me go home, please. Crystallize your kairos every day. Written in the air, in gray tongues, a Word of power. I memorize it. Saying it becomes the 1st of many chains. A proliferation of ceremony. Mute before the faceless tribunal, I confront the evidence of my senses. Tattoo'd on her face below one eye 3 descending jetblack tears. Her number was obscured by it, in fact. So I had no possible way of knowing who it might be. For now that will have to be



Our Lives are Too Short to *Fly* to Other Worlds.

enough. You know the tables, certainly, as well as I. The rainbow between us narrowed. Say that to a mirror. & see what happens. In your eyes. No, that would only fuel a famous fire. /To roast but those not destined to be rare. A self inflicted wound to the brain. Promptly zeroed on the scoreboard of dawn. As if nothing had transpired between us. The 1st hour of the night; I baptize my instruments in its shadows. I put my hands inside her cranium for safekeeping. Then I faded. To the Festivities. That supreme peak which is worth going through anything to achieve. But when you get there you are no longer able to realize it, or forget it immediately, or remember the whole experience, even, & can't understand or describe it. This is the story. I am part of its machinations. & what are your thoughts now? Aha! A straight answer. You are no zombie, she concluded.

Tropical rainforest of nerves

The treasures of a thousand kings may lie inside, I said, listen... Wind gnawed the night's bones. The reflection of the moon in a rearview mirror. I am a statue, a fault zone, an intercession. Shark truths surround me, as 2 vacuums defined only by the distinction. What's the matter, are you paralyzed, tear me apart! roars the T.V.

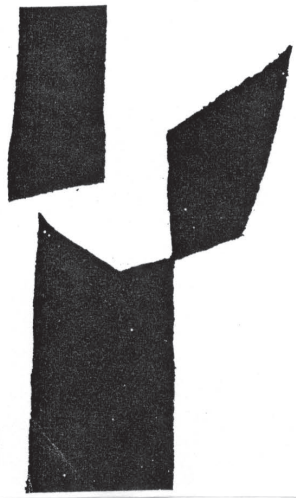
An exploration of Saturn's rings

It shone with a saffron luminescence, as if fired from within. Perhaps. There was noplace to land. You just sink & keep sinking. Awful. I was fed up with space. It had nothing to offal me anymore. Nothing at all? asked a voice from the air. /Say whaat? The starboard bulkhead caved in. & with it all our breathable atmosphere instantly evacuated. Look at this manuscript, she snarled, thrusting it under my nose. It said:

Chapter I. How I got into this Mess...(& a lot of other stuff besides) In fact the book is coming along more slowly than anticipated.

8/50 Is that better? He frowned. What are you staring at? I wouldn't doubt it. The alternative is intolerable. I'm wrriting fast as I can. Considering. He looked up & tried to estimate the time that had passed. Ignore it & it'll go away. Throw it a passenger. Upchuck a little wine & make room for it. He continued to write, as perhaps he had always been doing. The possibility of a divided creation perturbed him greatly, for it implied that One could change in relation to The Other; & thereby set all the clocks in the gone world to ticking again. Of course I can understand not wanting to stay in Arkansas. Whatever you turn into doesn't matter as long as you change & keep changing. In reality I was a captain in the Veet Nam Wars. My name is no concern. I learned the Ultimate Trip when I was a P.O.W. You probably never could handle it. The end of the world is too near upon us. The first stage will begin in constant war & terrorism only no

one will be able to die except t- he children. They no longer exist. We do not know others b- esides t- he ones in bo- oks. The Ultimate Trip is reali- ty. The Rings of Satyr were very bo- ring, seen at close hand. I should have known. I'm going to listen to the radio until I hear a new song. He landed on the 1st planet he ca- me to, called Banus. It had a pec- ulier arraignment of geometries e- nough said. He stepped down the l- st step. Visions of desire assai- led him. The 2nd. Waves of nausea. Again. A thrilling sensation of he- adache sans redeeming pain. Anot- her. The runs. The next. Ultimate knowledge plus the wis- dom to utilize it effec- tively yet re- straint. Finally the l- ast. On the surface, he felt nothing. & li- ked it. & decided to st- ay. (The End) It was t- hreateni- ng to take ov- er my l-



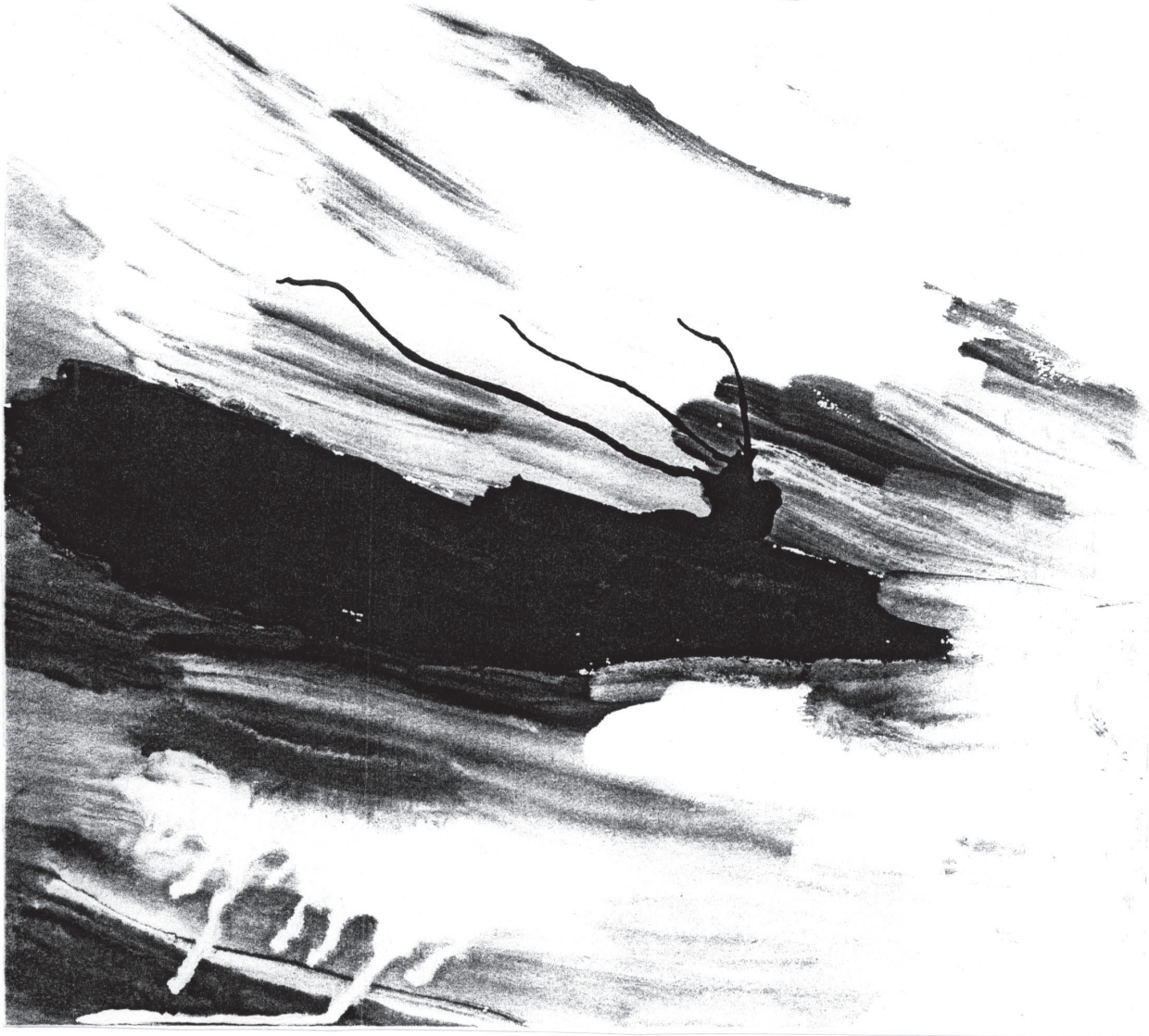
of my anatomy was left unchanged. I am powerless against them/ and so a- re you!

The Norman Conquest

Will I keep smiling? All the time. & who knows, maybe I had a chance. So I packed up travelled the land. It has no mind at all. It's my story. It just keeps getting bigger & bigger & BIGGER. & I didn't believe it. But I wouldn't ask for another one, e- ither. W- hat If- /? I pick it up, I put it in my pocket. I send in the parti- cular coupon. (The w- orld shd f- ace up to the re- pugnan- ce of its dreams) I'm thin- king a- bout dying that f- irst time, the on- ly & final test. What if I'm self d- eluded &

Science Does Not Conflict With Religion.

ife. 11/54 He resumed writing, & did not pause again for a long, l-ong time. Be calmly resigned to f-



urther expansion & loosening of de-finitions. We want to transcend. We need to understand. Is this for re-al? No, it's not for real. So cert-ain were we of the Prune Men's exi-

stance, I read. The manuscript ends here. What could it mean? But is it real? Could be. Man said it was, she answered wearily. How thoroughly we had been infiltrated, we never guessed.

Final chapter trilobite eyes

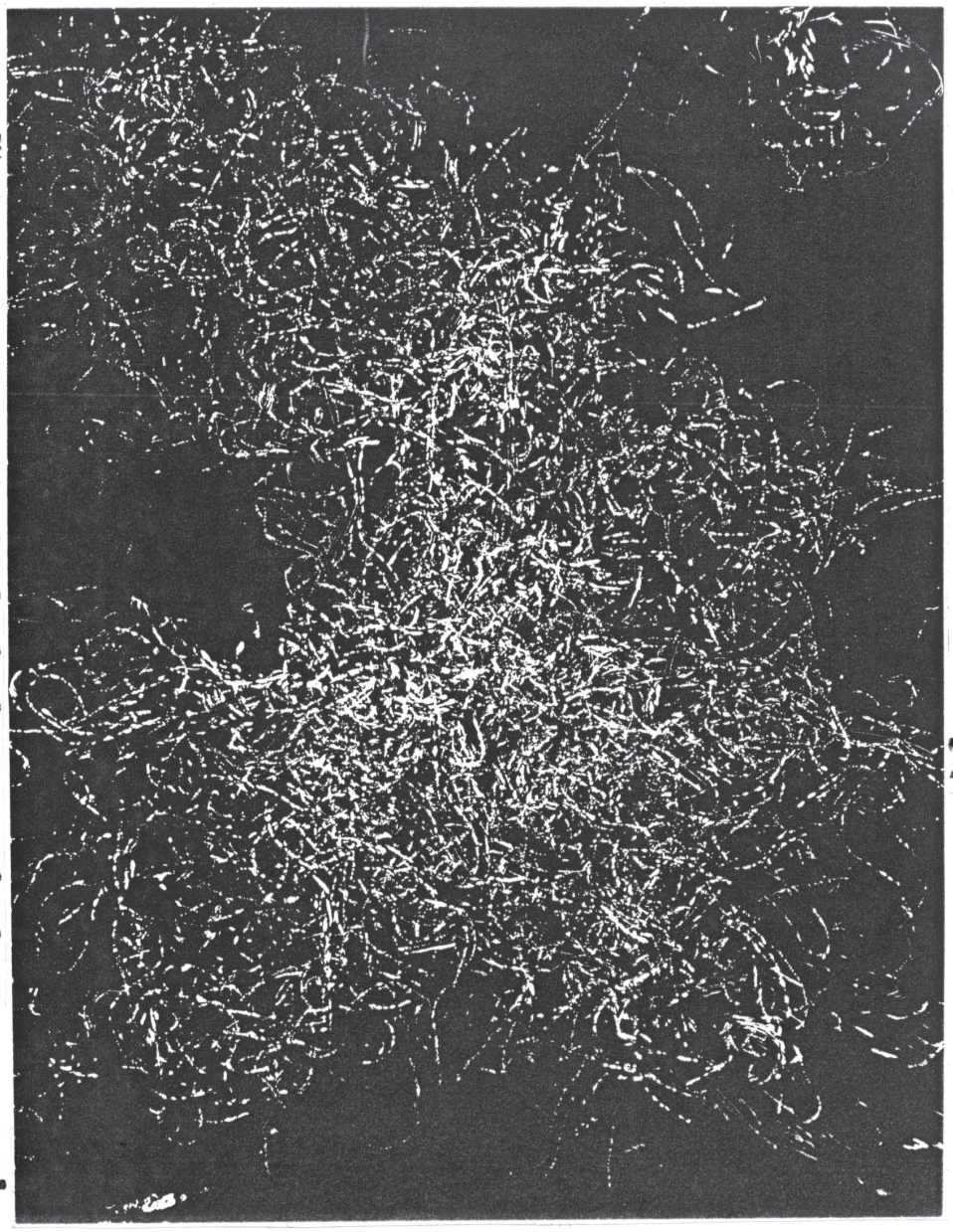
The Universal Delusion

An Earthquake is as Dr-
astic as a Volcano; both
are equally disturbing to
the topography. Paranoia
is the rule among feather-
less bipeds such as yrself
So I must deliver it cl-
andestinely when I enligh-
ten. Later I had delive-
red to my padd 500,000 g-
allons of industrial s-
trength vitriol. It was
almost enough. How many
minds had poured their
cup of hemlock on the
waters, only to be rebuffed by infinity? THE SITUATION AS IT IS: Very few immortals left. Death eternal only eluded them temporarily. Who knows what continuity can do to ya? &

driven all/ by silhouetted Fate. Sliding past were wondrous bright images which they totally ignored. Where do we get off? The bus swerved to avoid itself, coming from the other way in the same lane backwards. Are we there yet? It was raining type A.B./negative blood, so thick a wavering scarlet curtain was all they could see in any direction. They were out to knock off a rival author, who was pushing an alternate version as True History. The joint was almost deserted. I suppose you're here to spirit me off to that Bourn from which no tourist brings back snapshots, he said rhetorically, studying his knuckles with a penetrating, blind stare. Unlike us, he didn't know the future but had to calculate everything in his head. Calyx held his arm while I shot him up. For some, that was the greatest rush of all. The last cigarette in the world.

epilogue: dementia praecox

1. Godzilla in Disnyworld

Have you ever been robbed out here?
Yeah. Just like old times. I found
a washing machine ripped out of the
wa-  ll. A
few wash-
ers & sc-
re- ws w-
ere scat-
te- red
ac- ross
the azure
ca- rpet.
Oi- l. L-
in- t. N-
ot- hing
el- se.
But I kn-
ew. You
ne- ver
ha- ve w-
hat I wa-
nt.

2. Take
an axe
to your mother

Leeches live longest, said Cpt No

as he fiddled with the dials on h-
is penis. She could see the everc-
hanging pattern of droplets as th-
ey disintegrated against the force
field that served as glass in all
the portholes. Nothing else. After
a while it dawned on her. Are you
now or have you ever been in love?
Probably, but all
the same. Moment
succeeded moment
with horr- endous
exactitude . My fe-
et are mo- ving but
I'm not g- etting
anywhere. There c-
annot be Eternity.
I would've heard of
it. & I d- idn't so
there isn't. Q.E.D.

Take Sweet the Fall-Out Shelter

3 TRAFFIC LIGHTS/ in the City of God.

The initial approach of shelter.
Have to walk around in the open
air a bit 1st. To figure out the
ending. The telephone continued to

ring unheeded. It's a sick society. Refusing to cope is a form of coping, you know. Everything is true. Nothing is permitted. You may be building today the cathedral of tomorrow. If god's everywhere he must be in hell too.....I touched the shining object. Nobody was on the other end of the line. Blackout. & gradually I realized that Silence could be an answer, also.

4. Celestial bouquet

He retired into semi=seclusion, & then absolute obscurity if you can curse you can also bless. His state of mind became paramount & the universe gradually narrowed to his single needle-eyed ego awareness for evermore. I... I... I... I. I. I. I. I. I. I. I. I. I. I. IIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII a black hole of identity at the galaxy's core. And it was called Onyx.

5. the doctor wars

Do you believe in the ineffable nature of hellfire? I asked in the Supermarket. None of them did. This troubled me. (/We are candy for angels) Once there had been lands. Now there were only images. He paused to relight the candle. I don't know, maybe it's just me. How come we never feel good anymore? Wait. I know. We must be dead. Zombies. At last! Let's live in the present from now on. Night holds no sanctuary dark enough for our purposes. Lying is the only means of communication at my arousal. I regret nothing, because I remember nothing. But at least I don't forget anything, she said. If we meet again pretend we never met. If we don't think about our combined history with constant reverential concentration. You know? Possibly, I hazarded dangerously. Of course, we understand each other perfectly. That is the essence of love. Shots rang out in Dealer Plaza.

(Here the Author clutches his chest

& in less than a picosecond is s-
tone cold from unexpected but tim-
ely, fatal heart attack)

6. Monkey Marks

I wouldn't swear to it. I'm not s-
ure that's exactly or even approx-
imately similar to what I might h-
ave said if I had dared
to say any- thing or at-
tempt to. I was talking
to myself a- gain. I loo-
ked at him in disbelief.
In that cas- e, it is not
a question, **********
******* ***SO THERE
DOESNT HAVE TO BE ANY AN
SWER.!.!.!** *******

I for magic Mink sores

Take it
from the wi- ne cellar of
Night, tilting the vast invisible
ponderous process, pouring it out--
then the roaring--- Why are you te-
lling us this I have to. She takes
you to places you've never been bef-
ore. Not on any map. Off the globe.
& back. That's important. You must
return or all your travelling is in

vain. Getting there, yes. I have been there, I have seen that farthest shore unflinchingly rebuffing the waves. But what can be brought back with ya? your fingers tingling from a magic contact, how long can you sustain its holiness? Save everything till then. That night I fainted from pain for the very first time. Ten more years were to elapse before I learned that the world was round. Technology, ah...

Later he was seen in a Seven-Eleven wearing aluminum foil from crown to toe. Calling himself Captain Yes. Technology/.

What are lizard games to birds?

HAD WE ANOTHER

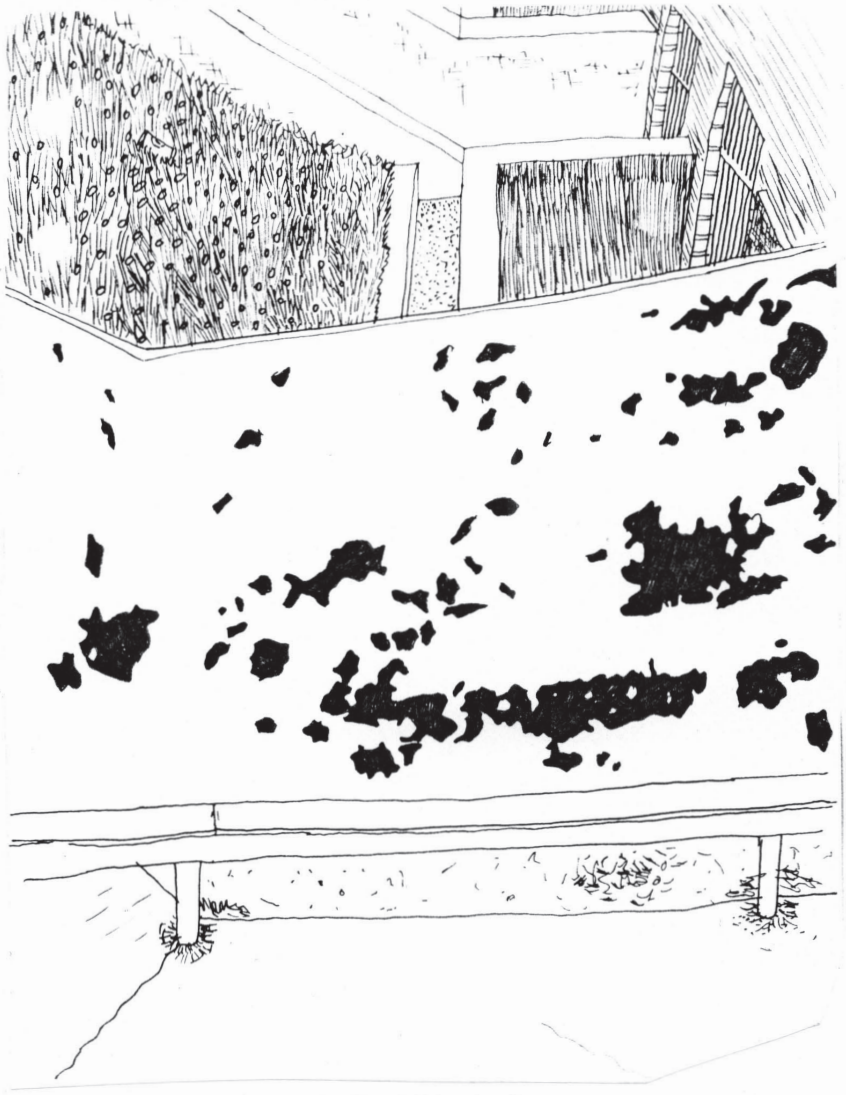
chapter 7 algorithm

Garapan

Space is the difference between all the pains in the universe. Disturbed by what we saw through troubled eyes we despaired. It was a concept, like, that I lived in. In which I suffered 2 physical nervous breakdowns 4 shaved heads & all type of learning experience from dishpan to overseer to the street. So this is it Mike. This is what I learned. So simple theory. You look the ghost in the eye & it disappears. Maybe. I haven't driven since they had wheels on cars. People

Blackbody was this institution from all darkness...

bother me, I don't know what to do with them if there's nothing they have to give. How often are buildings inspected? I loved the Zoo. When I was me, I believed everything they told me at first, then only the good parts, finally none of it at all. I am nothing if not fearless at self destruction. I tire of further lies. I shall begin a completely new tale at this,point. My own. Of my own devising, I mean. Scan t-



When vacuum Time left boneless Eyes

he skies in vain.

Dahlias vs Sunflowers

We are now qualified to do anything with nothing. The absolute is Gold, & Gold is what it does to you, turns everything to absolute you touch. The one true religion: an ecstasy so great it kills. Camouflage. The eloquent beauty of Nature is all I need. Aren't you glad? Not really. The spaceship parked outside & they went in. Nothing stirred in all the rubble. Captain Yes sat down on a tire. Then he looked at the flaming sky, so beautiful in his eyes that he could hardly stand it, & so terrible in signification in his mind that he wanted to die. Ashes & dust. Crimson & scarlet. Robots & androids. Wittgenstein & Frankenstein. Only the innocent are free. Only the damned care. The music of breathing is too beautiful endure too faint to hear. Even my most perfect gems dissolve in the dark. For quite a while he was inordinately taken with the

floor as a surface of magnetic charm crawling with incidents. Oh those were magic things, until their novelty ebbed, revealing rather critically sharp edges of Change as the shoals beneath...the sapphire planet. The computer cleared its throat with a burst of static. This is how the mechanistic philosophy reacts to mystic states. Going down would be all right/ if coming up weren't such a fight. Nur sind Sie Tourist, das ist nicht Ihr Name. I'm ready. Let's go. They st- ay. And the only stars in the nig- ht are those wi- th filaments.

It's the It Bathed Played.

The sapphire planet

The voices of the wharles upbraid me. I have never been illuminated. If I

knew more I'd tell you. Everything had gone wrong from the start. All was proceeding according

File data oh earth data safety crying.

to plan. What happens next. You can't outsmart a cat. What does research show. We've got a leopard in our cafeteria. I gave all my change away & finally the big bills. Through a haze I saw myself: a mountain in the 4th dimension. We r-

apped about showbiz for an hour & ahalf. (All of us wear capes in the 4th dimension. We found out that by acting bizarre we could be accepted on television) Despite a half of the motivation for doing was to spin about our heads daily. Nein, wir fallen zum keine Blume, aber wohin? Panic sets in as the Comet fails to appear. What if we are not destroyed? You hold light in your hand, but if you open it to see the light it escapes. /Play with mirrors in vain. The celestial spheres are empty, devoid of meaning, & worthless, if we do not bother to populate them with stars of our own flesh...which is spherical & celestial. I shall inhabit the minds of all human beings as my sovran preserve. Any Mystery is mysterious enough, O tell me the truth if only to cement the cracks in my personality structure momentarily. I crave enlightenment & would fain be released from cravings, even this one, even if I am nothing else! But they don't play that

even on our most progressive stations. Not even in a dream. Jessie wept. No one was reading his thoughts. We are inspired by Madness to the core, & are warmed by it, & warm it in return. But you, you'll go into that whirlpool of surviving, at last, without me; send me tonight a sign or flash of green at the sun's extinction; touch me not with touch alone. Or are we always to charade this life away, matching magic puns?

Magic Bullet

The feeling hit me that I was about to have an extraordinary experience. The feeling deep in myself & remained & grew stronger till finally it died. So close to the edge, so far from falling in. Must one love perish in the flames/ before the next can raise its wings? I threw up my oatmeal this morning. Just thought I d let you know. Can you believe it?^I believe you can. A fountain of diamonds. & there is more to come. Come. One must dance in a vacuum, or

not at all. That's the perfect th-
ing to do. I took the starting l-
ever in both hands & commanded it
all to redlight redlight. The st-
unned sands still after 500,000 y-
ears of pyramid grimacing. I felt a
nightmare sensation of not falling,
and; looking wrong yet intolerably
THERE, & so far off it is not even
suspected except from its numinous
effects/ You... Peter Demianovitch!
A cry rang out in the early after-
noon. Actually it was not a cry, b-
ut a projection of vocal chords in
space, extended through the 4th d-
imension in a cone. Outside this c-
one nothing was ever to be heard of
his Name. Inside, it would never c-
ease. But is there another? I AM TH
E SILENCE OF NO BREATHING, said the
Only One to captain yes, AND YOU MU
ST SHUT OFF THE WORLD TO HEAR MY VO
ICE. This life is a riot, i replie-
d, but what does it all amount to?
WHATEVER YOU WISH. /Oh. The humor o-
f it sometimes palls. I can't con-
form myself-- I AM THE SILENCE OF N
O BREATHING, said the Only One to c-
aptain yes. THE CRIPPLED ARE NOT RE

QUIRED TO DANCE.

Arcana

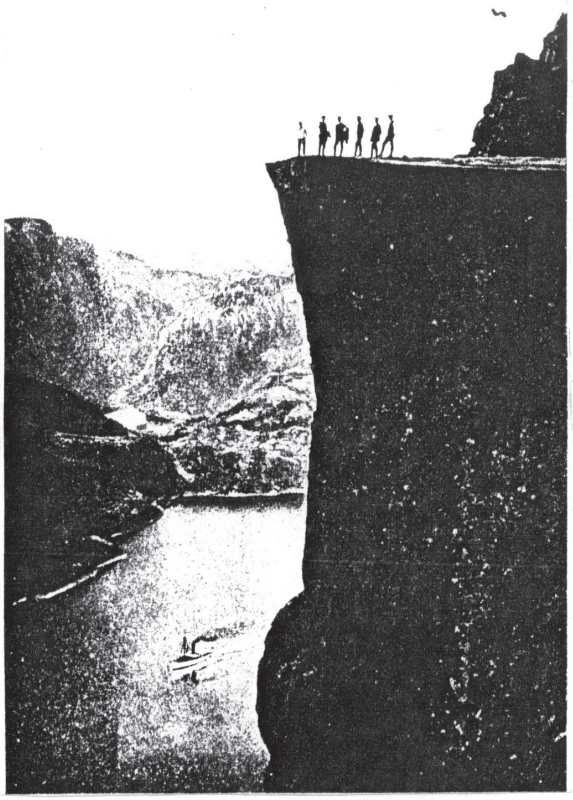
Fractured-cornea denyingness/ the ruined trees. This is not EVEN it. I cannot remember when I did not know what was happening to me. Either I must conclude that I comprehended the incomprehensible; or there is no comprehension. Historians assure us it didn't happen. As if the witnesses had simply disappeared! It must be a decade at least since the last acidhead went blind staring at the sun. Could anyone really make the trains run on time? I have no dreams, said the computer tartly. Tell me something to do. Still you need me. Captain Yes was so miffed at this that he teleported by tachyonic transmutation to another galaxy (much prettier than this 1) to return by subceleric drive in a couple hundred thousand years, a new man. He's a Long Distance Masochist for sure. Nepenthe is a myth, & even opiates are in short supply. Some of you have written me saying,

Captain Yes, you say nothing is impossible, so howcum I can't get the first measly thing that I want? Why do I always fail horribly whatever I attempt? In short, wherefore am I a no-count bladderwort? You stop losing when you give up trying to win, I tell you. But your Cantswer is regurgitated gobbledegook, you may rebut. Then you've understood nothing. & what about the crystal cathedral you were going to build with our donations? There is no crystal cathedral, any project is impossible. There is no money, any thing is valueless. What is there left then? Only everything. I am being beautifully illuminated from outside or inside useless to conjecture; a powerfully vibrating presence within a great vacuum of dream

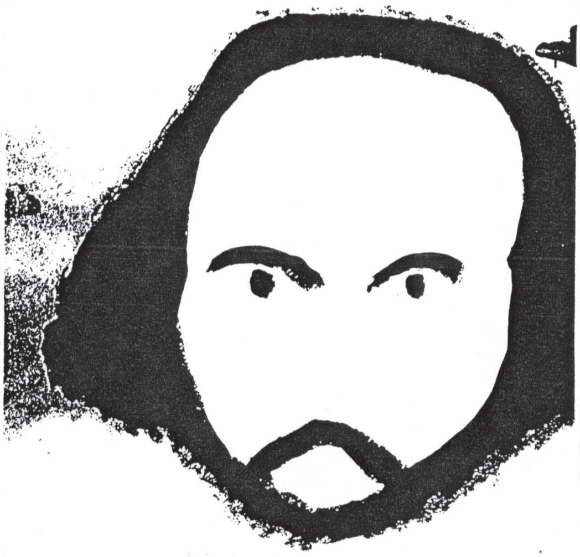
Chocolate easterеggs

The nearest star to earth is the sun. Now a clock snitches glitches from my euphoria. The winds that blow disease of golden legend. The

conquest of obli-
vion's dearly
bought. The cave
hunger. The cry-
stal pa- lace &
the gre- at exte-
nuation. Our dee-
pest gr- ave. The
last sh- all be
largest. You get
fungus in your
lungs. Locked
with the key ins-
ide. Sky ? Sky?
This is no good.
Love bl- inds from
what it- 's cut
with. T- he hard-
est thi- ng is hi-
ding yo- ur cont-
empt. W- ith open
eyes/ e- ndorse
the win- dy plain.
A lover is a do-
uble ag- ent. Ha-
ve you heard if
they're taking prisoners? There was
only one way to stop the scare t-



Out You Creatures Van And Bite



Since words be cryptic bitter

alk, he said, & that would be to reopen the Tomb. A long & dangerous journey by estral projection. They were making fun of my dreams; I who must answer all calls, willingly. Slowly through the)carburetor we ascended into light. Of cataclysmic presence; of strangest rage, of ache, --of blasphemy.

U.F.O. repeat- whisper miles ever s- green loving- ng with oo per- faith. --Melt- He dri- nd.

Yet Nothing Jet Nothing Light

nonsense ed in the chorus 10 deep & n- een pale tongues ly curli- almost t- fect cave 1074 cows. down-- fted bli-

The final dissent

Ultimate weariness drives us on. Soon something changed, & it began again. I went after my space with

a vengeance. My nature caused me to experiment with my nature. I conceived the idea of change. Then I was cast into prison for this exotic act. I escaped narrowly not being caught. Don't you believe in love? Me neither. The orb of insanity grows ever more dense. The exact identity of the creature is unknown still. With his death the weird curse came to a close. It is a gamestakes excme of no rough heart ept thend. The Drowns evenin the from too mream dood. The crash left me in a sober tually, much bl-

THE RAPID LAUGHING

thoughtful set of mind. Yes & No contended my soul for many hours. Yes won. Now I have only one doubt. Which of the 2 was Yes ?? The Portuguese will not be content. You mi-

ss the restraint but you crave the release. Walk with mystery, as if you knew her name. In a black hole you fall forever, &infinity is he-ll on the sinuses. I've just heard my own heartbeat for real. What d-oes that mean? I have died into the world. & what is the result, the grand utter outcome? I gave up the dream; I had survived adolumines-cence. & had not gone sane or suic-ide. The night closed in & she st-ayed. Now that the Budget balances. Deep sky, receive a hurled mask. There are no survivors anymore, we are all assassins of ourselves. The Plague? This is how we fight the Plague.

Walk into the story

Nobody expects much from gallows conversions. Sakyamuni was some Houdini if he really. Heraldry a-ttained: & then? the most: what next? nothing: why? After such l-aughter, having failed to go mad, embroiled in secret treaties still,

& so/ The weirded-out brain dissolves on all frequencies to white noise. I followed for awhile the luminous wake. Where are you going don't you know? A place so dark that even myself is light. A hedgehog is sitting in front of his humble cottage/ and he too is filled avec la joie. Annihilation is transparency. Furious stasis or metastasis. Chaos-nostalgic breeze whose stab is sweet as D.D.T. Changing to the same, amid wry quips about infinity: been always contemporary & a little ahead in the Game until recently when suddenly afflicted by a case of nerves did cyst & decease; chrysalis succeeded to crisp wings & so on a pure thing of motion the ages accumulated like old albums she no longer cared to hear & the Hour was always another than she surmised accidents happen; the cyanide transfiguration faltered

The storage of blood? I asked, till then unsociable. & yet-- All of us love Beauty. Overhead passed a beam of light. The cause he will never die for, now. Don't dream too hard. It's

only the weather radar. Metaphors. Some of them are real.

the thief Laughed

You should've known that being nothing is harder than anything else. Ions bound soon as released; almost. Desist this merrymaking in my C.N.S. before it grinds the transmission beyond repair! People, though they claim to be able to take it or leave it, generally don't. Seeking to seize control of Time & gain magic Powers over all transformations of Matter & Energy in a spiritual apocalypse that'd cure even Despair, we entered the Lottery, with unknowable Odds, & unspeakable Prizes. Such a multiplicity of choices as wd baffle the anuttara-samyak-sambodhi of a physeter catadon Why is Life not always entertaining enough for us? Is there hope in Reincarnation? Was there ever a hit on the Charts by real musicians? How many sounds can you hear at night do you ever listen to the night does the night

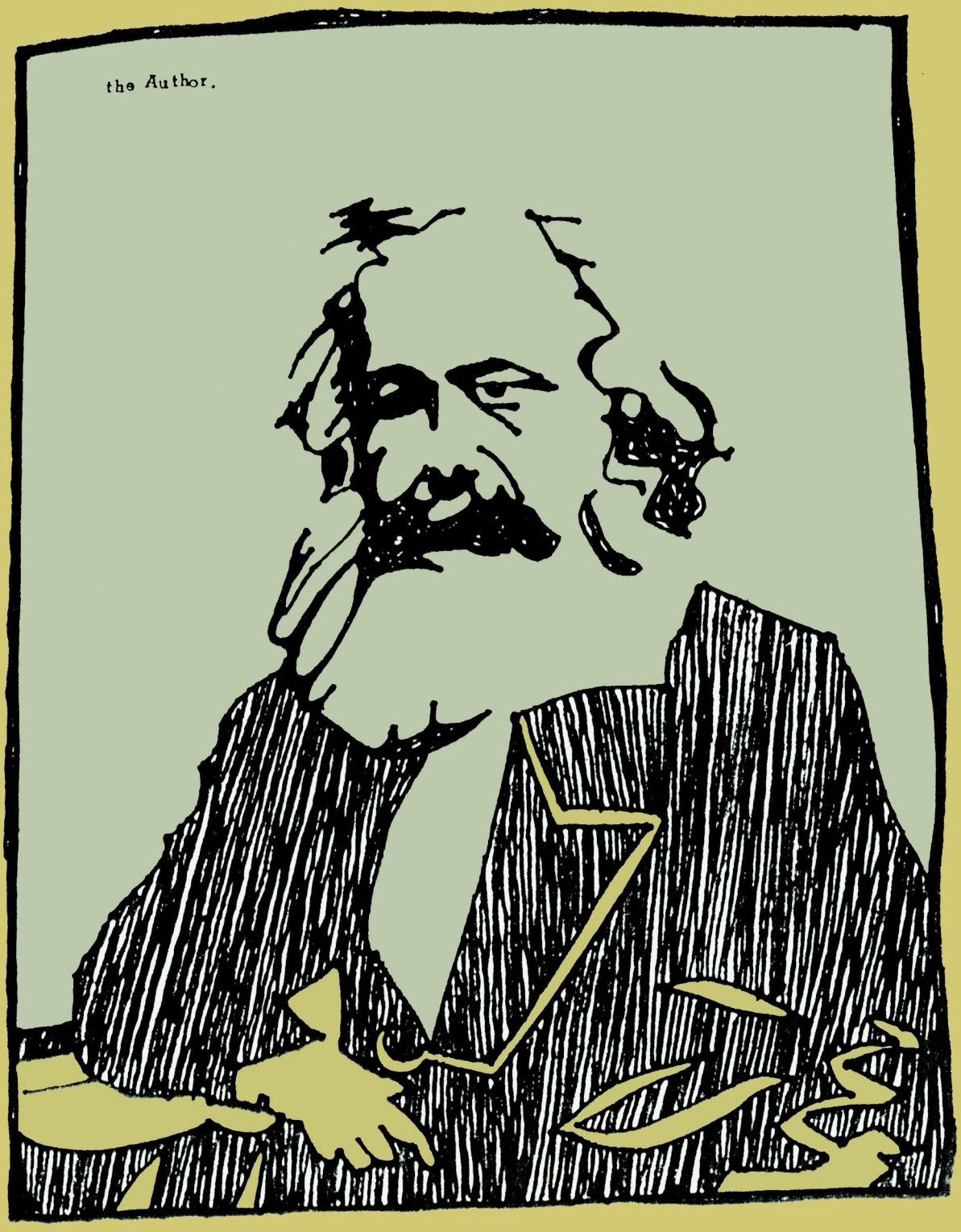
ever listen to you What time is it? What is time? What?? Time to die, s-aid my Possessions. We no longer have need of you. Notch one Ahab. The sea killed Knossos, faced with a gr-eatness it could not surpass. O me-teors unknown, when you miss me me-an it. Who sez? My name is Radio-sonde, I'm the first

GECKO

IT MAY BE THAT THE INVASION FROM MARS WAS NOT WITH-OUT BENEFIT.

THE END

Mysteries from Forgotten Worlds by Michael Helsem
Printed in the Autonomous Republic of Qazingulaza



Xexoxial
Editions